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ESSAY

ON

HAPPINES.

IN

FOUR BOOKS.



L O N D O N:

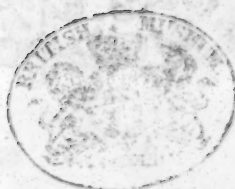
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M.DCC.LXII.

THE ASSAYS  
ON  
HAPPINESS

FOR OUR BOOKS

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LONDON  
Printed for R. and J. DODD, in Pall-Mall  
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L E T T E R S,

CONCERNING THE

S U B J E C T and P L A N

O F

The following E S S A Y.

LETTERS

CONCERNING THE

SUBJECT AND PLAN

OF

THE FOLLOWING ESSAYS





# LETTERS,

## CONCERNING

The SUBJECT and PLAN of the following ESSAY.

---

### LETTER I.

I HAVE maturely consider'd the objections you have been so kind as to make to some parts of my essay, which I esteem a substantial proof of the sincerity of your friendship for me: And from the experienced candour of your disposition, I am confident that it will give you pleasure to find them obviated by a few general observations upon the whole of my plan; with respect to which it appears that I have not been so lucky as to be quite understood.

I entirely agree with you, that a poem formed upon a moral and religious plan is not at all likely to have a great currency. I am aware that it will be particularly disgustful to two sorts of readers; those who have so little apprehension of the dignity of poetry, that they scorn to cast a serious eye upon what they never

consider'd as calculated to serve any higher purpose than a trifling amusement; and those, with whom the most distant hint of the regard which is due to religion, is all meer cant and enthusiasm. You give me hopes however, that an attempt somewhat new of its kind, to confirm and strengthen the amiable impressions, which every truly pious and benevolent man is naturally inclin'd to receive of the Deity and of his fellow-creatures, may claim some attention from persons of that character. If even there my attempt shall prove ineffectual; and it shall appear that I am only adding one to the number of imperfect productions, which are daily perishing as soon as they see the light; I shall still have the satisfaction to reflect, that with respect to my chief purpose in this publication, I am secure from disappointment. Content with having paid the tribute of my poor endeavours towards the support of so good a cause, I shall at all times rejoice to see the honour of a more successful vindication of it obtain'd. by superior merit and abilities.

In the first book is exhibited that most clear and convincing evidence of the infinite goodness of the Deity, his constituting virtue, benevolence, or a delight in the happiness of others, the grand source of happiness to all intelligent beings. The reality of this divine constitution will appear doubtful to no one, by whom virtue is rightly understood; which, I must own, it scarcely ever is, except by those, who carefully practise it. But it will, as you observe, be question'd, first, by those who make all virtue to consist in some painful kind of self-denial. Were all the appetites, affections and faculties of the human soul totally deprav'd, as they are too often falsely represented to be, this objection might be founded in truth. But while reason, conscience, benevolent, and pious inclinations, and affections, are confessedly

part



part of our nature, it is surely vice, that contradicts and thwarts this nobler part of ourselves, which virtue highly gratifies. It is in the constant prevalence of this better part of our minds that happiness consists. There is a peculiar elegance, and lucky precision of idea in the etymology of the Greek word for happiness *Eudaimonia*, which properly expresses the same as *δαιμον αγαθον*, a good or virtuous temper of mind. For this observation, (as you will immediately recollect) I am indebted to your deservedly esteem'd philosopher, the good \* *Aurelius*. To a mind thus form'd for happiness, no reasonable moral system, nor any true religion can impose the necessity of a constant course of mortification, or self-denial. After all, to what part of ourselves does virtue appear to be so severe a discipline? to our corrupt appetites and inclinations, the disturbers of our peace, the fatal springs of all our miseries. Virtue then in this very light of a just and prudent self-denial, is manifestly the great security and defence of human happiness. To those indeed who can find it in their hearts to assent to that strange doctrine of Mr. *Hobbes*, that all men are born in a state of enmity one with another, that they are naturally false and perfidious, and that all the little good they do is merely out of fear, virtue must appear to consist in a direct, and constant opposition to our natural state. But the absurdity of this opinion is so glaring, that, though often seriously and solidly confuted, I could almost venture to affirm, that it was never sincerely and heartily maintained or believed, not even by the inconsistent author of it himself, whose life and manners are said to have been such, as sufficiently evidenced the falshood of his unaccountable doctrine.

\* M. Antonin. L. 7. S. 17.

You have some doubt whether benevolence, *i. e.* an affectionate endeavour to produce the greatest happiness, be truly that, which constitutes the essence of virtue. But pray consider what it is that entitles prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude, or their several branches, veracity, candour, hospitality, frugality, fidelity, constancy, &c. to be deemed virtuous, or morally good qualities. Is it not because they are dispositions tending to promote the general happiness? Separate, if you can, from any of these qualities, all idea of a benevolent intention, and then tell me what you can find in it of moral goodness left. But still, you reply, we constantly approve them as virtuous at first view, and without considering their particular tendency and application. We do so; and the reason is, because they are already known by universal experience to be necessary to the public welfare. You seem to think that agreeableness to truth or reason, independent of benevolent affections, is a more just idea of the character of virtue. But be pleased to examine a little whether reason, or the knowledge of the true relations of things can incite a man to action, who has no end in view; and then whether any end can be really proposed, without some inclination or affection. These points being settled, I am sure you will very readily determine of what kind that inclination or affection must be, which denominates any action virtuous. Dr. *Clarke's* obscure expression of the character of virtue, *viz.* a conformity to the eternal and unalterable relations in the nature of things, is resolvable into that, which you seem to approve of, the conformity to truth and reason. Of the same import is Mr. *Woolaston's* more ambiguous explication of it, when he calls it the significance of truth in actions. These three accounts come all equally short of the true idea of virtue,



virtue, independent of that fundamental principle, benevolence in the intention or affection.

I suppose it may be needless here to desire you to take notice that in this book, and throughout the poem, by love or benevolence, that principle, which constitutes the essence of all virtue, is never to be understood an indolent inactive principle. The man who has the power of doing good in his hands without exerting it, has no title to be called benevolent. A sincere desire to do good will necessarily set the mind at work to seek every occasion of displaying itself in beneficent actions. Ὡς περ δὲ Ὀλυμπιασιν ἔχ' οἱ καλλίστοι καὶ ἰσχυρότατοι στεφανῶνται, ἀλλ' οἱ ἀγωνιζόμενοι, (τῶν γὰρ τινὲς νικῶσιν.) ἔτω καὶ τῶν ἐν τῷ βίῳ καλῶν καὶ ἀγαθῶν. Οἱ ΠΡΑΤΤΟΝΤΕΣ ὁρθῶς ἐπήβολοι γίνονται. For as in the olympic games it is not upon those, who are handsomest and strongest, that crowns are conferr'd, but upon those who contend, (for among these are the victors;) so with respect to things laudable and virtuous in human life, it is to those only, who ACT aright, that they properly belong. *Arist. Eth. L. i. C. 9.*

Our speculations concerning the primitive state of man, which is described in this book, are, as you rightly observe, so very confused, that every attempt to form a just representation of it, will probably lead us into many improprieties. However, in general, I think it may be affirm'd, that in that state, the course of the external world, and the internal frame of the human soul were so harmoniously adapted to each other, that the entire enjoyment of the several kinds of delight resulting from the former, never failed to correspond with perfect piety and benevolence in the latter. It is, you see, in this compleat harmony of the mind  
of

of man with itself, and with all other beings, with which it stood connected, most particularly with the Supreme, that the peculiar happiness of that state is here represented to consist.

It was usual formerly in the accounts given of this perfect state, to rise to so extravagant a height, as quite to exceed the bounds of nature, and to place man in a heavenly not an earthly paradise. You are inclined, I perceive, to have a better opinion of the manner, in which this subject has been usually treated of late. But indeed, I must own, we rather seem to me to be running into a far more dangerous extreme, that of representing the perfections of the first man as but little, if any thing, superior to those of other men. Unluckily by this notion we may be led insensibly with the deists, to flatter ourselves, that we are not fallen or degenerate creatures at all; and to fancy that we are just as perfect and upright now, as we were ever intended by our Creator to be, or as our nature will permit. The description above-mention'd, steers a middle course between these two extremes; and seems more conformable than either to all the appearances in nature. The power we have at present of approaching considerably nearer to a paradisiacal state, by cherishing each benevolent affection, and silencing each discordant principle in our breasts, or of departing still farther from it, by confounding more and more that internal harmony, appears to me to confirm the probability of the opinion, upon which this description is founded.

L E T.



## L E T T E R II.

**T**HE fall of man from his state of happiness and perfection; and the introduction of evil natural and moral, is in the second book chiefly ascribed to mistaken self-love. This you imagine may be a little too liable to cavil; and yet you allow that it is obviously only of false self-love that I am speaking. I cannot think the most obstinate assertor of the selfish scheme will think himself concerned to deny the fatal tendency of this destructive principle. True self-love, or the rational pursuit of our own true interest, is indeed most laudable, and so far from being inconsistent with perfect benevolence, that it is naturally and necessarily connected with it. Though distinct principles, they are always mutually serviceable to each other; and it is then commonly that benevolence does the highest service to self-love, when it is least designed. To this principle of true rational self-love, the direct opposite is that false irrational self-love, which attempts to set up an interest contrary to, or merely detached from, that of others. It was in order to convince mankind of the folly of this attempt to counteract his universal plan, that the most beneficent of beings first introduced natural evil into the world, that the experience of mutual wants, infirmities, and distresses, might teach us the necessity of a social interest between man and man, as well as the entire dependence of the whole species upon his almighty will.

Vica

*Vice and folly, says an eminent writer\*, take different turns, and some particular kinds of them are more open and avowed in some ages than in others, and it may be said to be very much the distinction of the present, to profess a contracted spirit and greater regards to self-interest, than appears to have been done formerly."* It were much to be wished, and perhaps some favourable symptoms may give us room to hope, that this extreme and vicious prevalence of self-love is taking its turn to abate. The scorn, which, as he elsewhere observes†, *one sees rising upon the faces of people who are said to know the world, when mention is made of a disinterested, generous, or public spirited conduct*, is, I think, of late somewhat less open and avowed. The dangers and distresses, both public and private, that necessarily occur in the course of a burthen some war, have produced more frequent calls for the principles of humanity and public spirit to exert themselves, and the extinction of parties amongst us has turned the attention of all ranks of men more unanimously to the common good. However these causes may at present operate in producing such happy effects, the misery that accompanies an inordinate self-love, is a subject at all times worthy of our serious consideration.

In this single principle of mistaken self-love, may, I believe, be traced the source of all the very worst kinds of moral evil. A settled disinterested malice, rancour, envy, cruelty, misanthropy, are probably mere monsters of the imagination, that never had a real existence in human nature. A dislike arising at first from

\* Bishop Butler, Sermon. xi. p. 204.

† Pref. p. 28.



injuries received, or some confused apprehension of a character as absolutely odious, as well as hurtful to ourselves, and gathering strength by repeated reflection, may at length be raised into an inveterate aversion. False self-love in such a case may often blindly urge a man to treat the person so detested in such a manner, that he may even appear to be instinctively impelled to delight in his misery. If therefore those horrid shapes of moral evil, those most formidable heads of the hydra, should prove, upon a closer inspection, to be mere phantoms, we may with the more resolution collect all our strength to combat this only remaining one. This once removed out of the way, the path to virtue and happiness lies plain and open before us. If any little disguised and lurking vice should still cleave to us, from too partial an attachment to some low contracted system of benevolence, that self-love which gave it birth, and affords it nourishment, being once cut off, it will soon be no match for the strength of cool unbiassed reason,

The contempt of earthly pleasures, riches and honours, inculcated in this book, you imagine, will at first view be condemned as a trite and unmeaning philosophical rant. Such indeed are the common declamatory discourses of those who affect to despise them indiscriminately, and in every respect. The pleasures of sense, no doubt, are in themselves desirable, where no injury is done to the nobler faculties of the soul, nor violation to the laws of God or man. Power and riches, if we will but learn to make a right use of them, are really in their own nature, more adapted to gratify our public desires, and to serve benevolent and virtuous purposes, than selfish and vicious ones. But surely there can be

C

nothing

nothing unnatural or extravagant in treating them as contemptible; when considered as the objects of a merely selfish pursuit, in opposition to the laws of benevolence. It can be no such inconceivable effort of magnanimity for a man who duly reflects upon the dignity of his immortal nature, to look with indifference upon all earthly grandeur, wealth and pleasure, when attainable only by means inconsistent with that his most important interest, as well as his only true dignity. In this case he may very naturally say, as Queen *Christina* did upon the medal, which you may remember to have seen at *Rome*, that was struck at her resignation of the crown of *Sweden*; *Non mi bisogna, e non mi basta*, I want it not, and I find it not enough.

I am aware that the description given in the third Book, of the bright side of human life, will not suit the taste of those who have contracted the unnatural habit of turning their eyes only on the dark side of things. The men of this character take a delight in peevishly throwing back the blessings of an indulgent Deity upon his hands, and dwelling continually upon the calamities and distresses to which he has been pleased, for most benevolent purposes, to render this life exposed. No wise or good man will be forward in joining unnecessarily in the complaints and murmurs of a discontented party, even under a government administered by fallible men. But how great must be the folly and perverseness of those who are thus in effect always murmuring against the government of infinite wisdom and goodness! By anticipating and multiplying the miseries of life, do they really mean to wean their minds from a love of this world, and thus to acquire a proper frame and temper to prepare them for a better? However they may  
succeed



succeed in the former, it is certain the latter will be far more effectually obtained by grateful reflections upon the blessings which are here bestowed upon us by a bountiful God, as a kind of foretaste of the joys of heaven. When these reflections have opened our hearts to like acts of beneficence in our little sphere, we have no reason to apprehend that their effect will be an undue attachment to the things of this world, or a neglect of the great concerns of the next.—Far from it—They will rather excite in us a pleasing desire, as well as a rational and well-grounded hope of that state, where our capacity for enjoying and communicating happiness will be continually increasing through all eternity.

The favourable representation of human nature which concludes this book, you imagine, will be found still more liable to objection. Though all men are sinners, and come very far short of the glory of God; though the whole world, as *St. John* expresses it, lieth in evil; it is nevertheless asserted, that moral evil is so far checked by the secret controul of the Divine Providence, as to be far inferior to the proportion of moral good in the world. This, I must own, is a truth, which does not at first view command our assent. We are taught by the bitter invectives against mankind, so frequent in the writings of some of the most approved historians, divines, and moralists, to think our nature totally depraved, and absolutely evil: so that an assertion that moral good is greatly prevalent, even upon earth, above evil, will, as you say, certainly appear a new doctrine to many. I am, however, happy in acknowledging that it is neither new, nor a discovery of my own. If I could imagine that it really was so, that circumstance would be to me a very powerful reason for suspecting

it. But you will find it supported with great strength of argument by much abler hands. As you are desirous of a farther confirmation of this comfortable doctrine, though naturally inclined to think favourably of mankind upon the whole, you may consult Bp. *Butler's* Sermon I. Dr. *Parker's* Demonstration of the Law of Nature. S. 9. Dr. *Turnbull's* Principles of Moral Philosophy. V. i. C. 8. *Ld. Shaftesbury's* Characteristics *passim*. *Fordyce's* Elements of Moral Philosophy. *Leibnitz's* Essais de Theodicee, T. 2. p. 125. *Philemon to Hydaspes*, L. 1. p. 28. All the works of Mr. *Hutcheson*, particularly his Essay on the Passions; but especially Dr. *Law's* Translation of Archbishop *King* on Evil, p. 473.

It may still be urged, that this advantageous account of mankind tends to make them satisfied with what they are, instead of inciting them to be what they should be. But surely those who think of compelling men to come over to the side of virtue by dint of reproach and calumny, proceed upon a far more unpromising scheme of reformation. One is seldom very solicitous about recovering a reputation which one hears universally condemned. In short, till we have learned to form a more amiable conception of the general character of mankind, than they are pleased to give us, we shall be little inclined to pay, or indeed to think we owe them any great degree of benevolence.

LETTER



## L E T T E R III.

**H**OW could you possibly imagine the whole of my plan to be fully executed at the close of the third book, when the great object of this work, to which every part of it leads, had not as yet been expressly introduced ; I mean the sole end of virtue, and completion of happiness, the approbation of God? *Aristotle* (you know) declares that the principles of all true ethics and metaphysics are imperfect till they are traced up to some one superior science, upon which they all depend, and in which their ultimate reasons are founded. This science he calls τὴν ζητούμενν. By this grand desideratum, which he was in search of, we may presume is meant the knowledge of the divine will.

The provident Father of the universe knew that virtue, which is inseparably connected with piety, when genuine and consistent with itself, was necessary to the general good. He therefore declared this united principle of love to God and man to be his will, and the sole measure of his approbation. This declaration of the will of God was made to mankind at first by the natural frame and temper of our minds, but more explicitly at last by an express revelation. Thus by the divine appointment virtue and piety become the grand law and business of human life, and are the only principles of conduct, which, independent of all external events, never fail to afford us compleat satisfaction by our own consciousness of them. This life, checquered and transitory as it is, yet improved by the principle of virtue, is, no doubt, a valuable

able blessing in itself. But we are taught by our holy religion to consider it principally in its relation to that eternal life, for which it is intended as a probation or preparatory state. How infinitely, then, is its importance raised, and with it the importance of virtue, regarded as the test of our obedience to God, and the means he has decreed of our exaltation to endless glory and happiness!

Of these great and fundamental truths of religion very strong traces are discoverable by the light of our natural faculties; tho' it has pleased God to permit man by his own wilful folly almost totally to lose sight of them. The providential reason of this dispensation might possibly be, that man might experience the wretchedness of being left entirely to his own guidance, and might thus himself learn, and teach the whole world of rational beings the necessity of resigning themselves wholly to the guidance of infinite wisdom.

The permission of sin to take place among the creatures of an infinitely wise and good deity, and the judicial blindness consequent upon it, and prevailing to so great a degree almost over the whole race of mankind, are subjects, about which it becomes us always to speak with the utmost caution and reserve. Those secret counsels of the Lord may probably be fully revealed to us in a future state, though perhaps of a nature which no human comprehension can possibly reach, while we can see nothing of man but merely his station here.

However that be, it is certain that, by the gospel of *Christ* alone, the means of obtaining eternal life and perfect happiness  
are



are completely brought to light. Our holy religion presents us at first view with a visible mark of its divinity, in the peculiar precept of its blessed founder, LOVE. Every sect of religion and philosophy has its distinguishing tenet. The characteristical principle of the christian religion is charity, or universal benevolence. Supposing a man arrived at the perfection of christian charity, these would be the striking lineaments of his character ; that he would be as much inclined to do all the good in his power to his bitterest enemy, as any other man to his dearest friend ; and that he would rest his expectation of the reward of beneficent actions upon the good-will alone of his heavenly Father. The noblest expression of friendly or patriotic sentiments, which we admire in the heathenish writers, not bearing the least reference to the Deity, the great source of universal benevolence, was no more, when compar'd to the charity recommended in the gospel, than the light of a glimmering taper to that of the sun in its meridian. No other religion could so effectually establish the doctrine of universal benevolence, with an entire affection to the Deity, and constant resignation to his will ; because no one gives us so exalted an idea of the unbounded love, which the Supreme Being bears to all his creatures ; nor has any one ever exhibited to the eyes of man a pattern of love in any degree comparable to that of our divine preceptor. His most exemplary life, and meritorious passion and death, were indeed one miraculous act of love, which in proportion as our minds shall be enlarged in a future state, will be continually exciting new gratitude and wonder in us through all the several stages of our existence.

In all other religious systems, the Jewish excepted, little or nothing is to be met with of the love due from man to God, in return

turn for the divine benevolence to man. Nor indeed can it reasonably be expected from them, all false religions being founded only on fear. To such deities as their absurd superstition creates, (for of such it may truly be said, that *primus in orbe deos fecit timor*) but little of an affectionate and grateful adoration can be supposed to be due. *Plato* alone, of all the writers of Pagan antiquity, seems here and there to have had some confused notion of the duty of loving God. What you may have seen of it more clearly expressed in the writings of the later Platonists, they manifestly borrow'd rather from the religion of Christ, than the writings of their master *Plato*, who himself apparently derived his sublimest doctrines from the acquaintance he had with the sacred writings of the Jews.

What is said in the fourth book of the love of God, as the supreme happiness and perfection of all intelligent beings, will, as you apprehend, appear to some readers a little over-strained, as approaching too much to the severity and abstraction of the mystical enthusiasts. I should be sorry indeed if it could be so far misunderstood, as to be thought to have any thing in common with those fanciful refinements of mistaken pietists, which are so little consistent with the rational simplicity of the gospel. So far from encouraging the unnatural flights of these self-deluded visionaries, who affect to despise all social duties, as low and grovelling pursuits unworthy the attention of their exalted spirits, their very pretence to any share of true piety is there affirm'd to be generally groundless. All sincerely affectionate sentiments of devotion to the Deity, will naturally express themselves in acts of obedience to him, and consequently in acts of benevolence towards men. Nothing can so effectually animate and call forth  
into



into action every noble and virtuous principle within us, as frequent and devout meditations upon the divine goodness.

On the other hand, a mind thus raised to any degree of resemblance to the beneficent character of the Sovereign Being, may very reasonably, and without the least degree of enthusiasm, expect to find its principal delight in contemplating and studying to approach it still more and more, though ever at an infinite distance. It is only the perception of some excellency in ourselves, or other beings that gives any true and lasting pleasure to the soul. It is therefore only from a sense of infinite perfection, that infinite delight, or supreme happiness can arise.

[ 17 ]

**The GENERAL PLAN.**

**BOOK I.**

**Benevolence the true source of happiness.**

**The happiness of man in his primitive state.**

**BOOK II.**

**False Self-love the source of evil, moral and natural. The dark side of human life, as spent in selfish pursuits.**

**BOOK III.**

**The production of good out of evil by the Divine Providence. The bright side of human life, as improved by the Principle of Benevolence.**

**BOOK IV.**

**Efficacy of Reason and Virtue in promoting Happiness, which Religion finally establishes in the Love of God.**



AN  
E S S A Y  
ON  
H A P P I N E S S.  
B O O K I.

Εἶναι δ' αὐτὸ τῆτο (εἶπεν Ὀχρύσιππος) τὴν τῷ εὐδαίμονος ἀρετὴν καὶ  
εὐροίαν εἶναι, ὅταν πάντα πράττηται κατὰ τὴν συμφωνίαν τῷ παρ'  
ἐκαστω δαίμονος πρὸς τὴν τῷ ὅλῃ διοικητῷ ἐέλῃσιν. Diog. Laert.  
P. 268. Ed. Steph.

This (said *Chrysippus*) is the sum of Virtue and Happiness, when,  
with respect to all the transactions of life, the mind of man  
is in perfect harmony with the will of him who governs  
the universe.

Benevolence the true source of happiness.

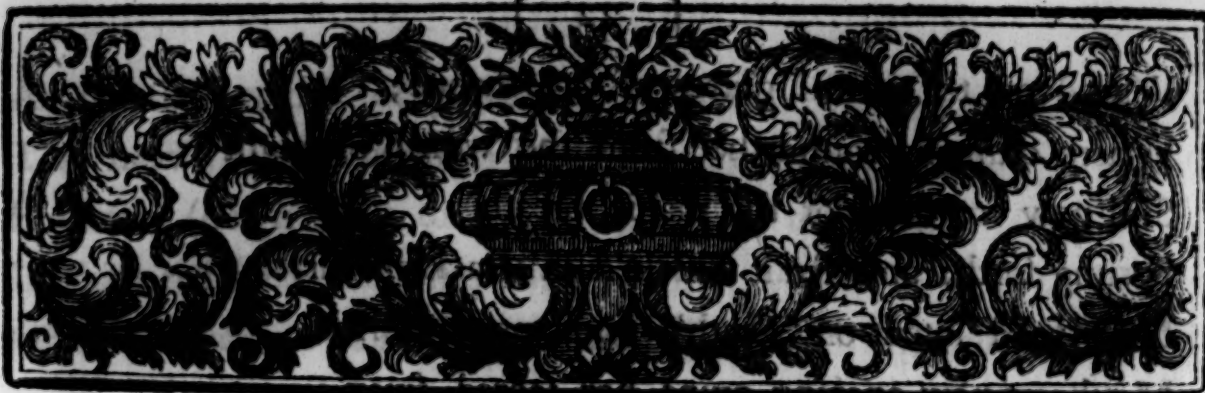
The happiness of man in his primitive state.

### The A R G U M E N T.

The Subject proposed. Renunciation of the powers of fiction.

Invocation of Virtue—The Creator pronounces the universe perfectly good and happy—The universal chorus of beings ascribes to the Deity all original perfection—The Eternal Word proclaims the decree of God to exalt his creatures to greater Happiness and Rank in the scale of beings in proportion to their advances in Benevolence---Benevolence and Happiness of the Deity infinite---of superior Spirits vast, yet limited---of Man greater than sometimes apprehended---pure and unmix'd in his primitive state---Idea of the perfection and happiness of man in that state, as he stood connected with inferior and material---with superior and spiritual objects--- with the Deity.





# B O O K I.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ F Bliss, the rise, the progress, and the sum  
✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ O I trace, commencing at the birth of Love,  
✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ Which in each rising sphere of social joy  
With force encreas'd advances, till complete  
In pure devotion permanently fix'd  
It centers in the Source of Good Supreme.

No muse I summon from sequester'd spring,  
From cloud-surmounting cliff, or lonely gloom  
Of twilight glade. Thy votary too long,  
Fancy, enchantress wild, my dubious eye  
Roving in quest of happiness in vain,

Waved

Waved on th' unreal glitter of thy throne;  
 Where clustring round thee from the womb of night  
 Still new creations of thy magic breath  
 Sprung forth, and strait dissolv'd in trackless air.  
 Now fix'd intent on Truth's unchanging form  
 My heart new-opening owns her sacred sway;  
 With transport owns, enlighten'd by that beam,  
 O'er which thy glare prevail'd, that obvious lies  
 The long fought path alone by Virtue trac'd,  
 That leads my willing steps to certain Bliss.

O from the haunts of wisdom's fav'rite few,  
 Happy as wise, benevolent as blest'd,  
 Come, Queen of heart-felt smiles, enrob'd with light  
 And beauty, by celestial Truth and Love,  
 Serene-eyed Virtue, come; from free debate  
 Eliciting the warmth of zeal benign;  
 From flow of heart, that rais'd at sight of friends  
 In goodness link'd, runs o'er; from social band  
 Form'd for the gen'ral weal, with godlike aim  
 To lift the downcast eye of wan distress;  
 And wide extend the reign of joy sincere.

Hail, heavenly guest, lo Nature's beauteous face  
 Reflects thy lovelier bloom; In calm suspense  
 On each sweet impulse of thy charms intent  
 My conscious breast reveres thy present Pow'r;  
 Deep on it's inmost folds impress'd as clear

As



As on th' expanse of yonder silent lake  
 The heav'n's pure azure. May this tremulous hand  
 Presume, (deign thou to guide it) thence to trace  
 In faint-reflected tints the living form  
 Of Happiness, in Thee alone reveal'd.

When the Great Parent's all-enliv'ning smile  
 First beam'd forth Nature\*, o'er unnumber'd worlds  
 He fix'd in laws impartially benign  
 Her delegated sway. Th' Eternal Word,  
 At one collective glance the various births  
 Of space and time concent'ring, view'd, and bless'd  
 The beauteous Whole, pronouncing All in All  
 Completely happy, as completely good.

Through each quick atom of creation thrill'd  
 In grateful transport the divine applause;  
 From the gay myriads, that with ceaseless glee  
 At large roam twinkling in the sunbright drop,  
 To heav'n's high host, whose more than solar ken,  
 Lost in the blaze of God's eternal day,  
 The empyrean casts in distant shade.  
 At once, in unisons unnumber'd, all

\* By Nature is here meant the regular and established order of things, or that perfect system of general laws, by which the universe is govern'd. The benevolent intention of these laws is obvious to every human breast. Any action, quality, disposition or state, from its being natural, immediately engages our favour and approbation. This general presumption plainly indicates that the order of Nature is good, and that all men are convinced of it.

Swell the glad note of universal praise,  
Rebounding sweet from echoing orb to orb.

In thee, alone supremely good, resides  
Original perfection. What from thee,  
Author omnipotent, but good can flow?  
All eyes on thee with grateful ardour wait;  
Each in their season at thy genial smile,  
To brighter scenes of being doom'd to rise.  
These in the confines of eternal night,  
On the pale verge of dawn, a dubious ray  
Catch faintly; those in the broad blaze of noon,  
Uncheck'd on thee with ceaseless rapture gaze.  
On all thine equal beam in due degree  
Perfection sheds, and plenteousness of love.  
Hail, universal Parent, as descends  
O'er all thy goodness in perpetual stream,  
Still thus from all, (do thou acceptance deign)  
Let the glad incense rise of endless praise.

Thus countless worlds, in full harmonious choir  
Uniting all intelligences, hymn'd  
The bounteous God, whose voice creative call'd  
Forth from the gloom of unessential night  
Their beings, and his works complete pronounc'd.  
Again forth-issuing from th' eternal throne,  
That sov'reign voice to fix'd attention turn'd  
Their choral hymn.—At once each rapt'rous note

Pays'd



Paus'd awe-suspended — Love and grace divine,  
 Profusely pour'd throughout their utmost bounds,  
 Fresh streams of bliss diffuse, the future theme  
 Of ceaseless hallelujahs — All entranc'd,  
 Hang motionless — the Great Commanding Word  
 Th' Almighty Parent's purpose thus proclaims.

Hear, thou self-center'd Firmament, give ear,  
 Ye rolling orbs, ye spirits blest, attend.  
 O'er all, by certain rule, in order due,  
 Extends my boundless ever-strength'ning grace.  
 Lo, by my breath enkindled ardent glows  
 In ev'ry breast a living spark of Love.  
 Be this aspiring principle the spring  
 Of exaltation, in th' ascending scale  
 Of beings, born for universal bliss.  
 Where most intensely bright the gen'rous flame  
 Expansive rises in the virtuous mind,  
 There most at full my glory shines impress'd :  
 Where sinks the fallen gleam in self absorb'd,  
 My face its beams withdraws, 'tis endless night.

Deep struck, yet deepest in seraphic hearts,  
 That next his awful throne adoring burn'd,  
 The gracious mandate of th' Eternal King.  
 With strength proportion'd to their several states,  
 Each spirit blest with well-accorded zeal  
 Observant, caught the sympathetic glow.

E

Thence

Thence all, with ardour of devotion rapt,  
 Lost in the Sole-Ador'd their blended rays,

Present, and living in th' Almighty Mind,  
 Dwells the collective sum of boundless bliss,  
 Through endless ages in all words diffus'd,  
 From bounds prescrib'd, yet far — ye heav'ns! how far  
 Beyond the scanty span of human thought,  
 Flows the full tribute of reflected joy,  
 That centers in the Cherub's radiant eye.

Nor small thy sphere of love, nor mean thy rank  
 In being's rising scale, offspring of dust,  
 Joint-heir with seraphs to celestial thrones.  
 Howe'er injurious to thy noblest praise  
 \* Folly's Philosophy, that wildly frames  
 Of senseless atoms casually conven'd  
 Thy mould'ring essence, in that self so vile  
 All her low views contracts; thy heav'n-born soul,  
 Faln as thou art, the groveling system spurns.  
 Nor less rejects, though loftier much her mien,

\* The Epicurean. This, in spite of the specious glosses of the defenders of that sect ancient and modern, was certainly the doctrine of its founder, *Epicurus*, as appears from *Diog. Laertius*, who represents him speaking of the Deity himself, as being of the same unamiable character: τὸ μακάριον, καὶ ἀφθαρτον, ἔτε αὐτὸ πρᾶγματα ἔχει, ἔτε ἄλλω παρέχει. A happy immortal being has no business of his own to concern himself about, nor does he concern himself with that of others.

And



And fairer, the Philosophy of pride†,  
 That stiles thy passions weakness all, beneath  
 The native grandeur of her boasted Sage.  
 His wiser heart disproves the pompous cheat,  
 Owns his admir'd Serene unwisely fought  
 In selfish care; to one affection yields  
 The just prerogative of genuine bliss,  
 Unfated. What satiety can damp  
 The godlike ardour of imparting joy?

When recent beam'd, O Man, thy perfect day,  
 This blest'd affection link'd in union free,  
 Yet constant, with devotion, gratitude,

† The Stoic. Not to depreciate the real merit of the Stoics, it is confessed that, less intent than other philosophers upon frivolous speculations, they devoted their studies to the clearing up, and establishing the fundamental principles of morality. It is no less true, that nothing can exceed the absurdity and extravagance of some of their paradoxes: as when they affirmed, that a wise man is void of all passion, and unconcerned at any calamity that can befall his friend, his nearest relation, or his country; though he is just as ready to serve them to the utmost of his abilities, as if he felt a real affection for them, or actually sympathised with their distress. They professed indeed an equal disregard to any pain or misery that could happen to themselves. This serene or rather insensible temper of mind, they endeavoured to support by their notion of fate, or the uncontrollable necessity of things. You ought to be naturally pleased, (*στυργειν χρεν*) says *Marcus Antoninus*, with whatever happens to you, as it is the condition of your birth, and the necessary appendage, as it were, of your very being. There is just the same difference between this principle, and that of Christian resignation, as between the forced exercise of patience, and the free enjoyment of delight. We are taught by our holy religion to be pleased with all events, not from the necessity of things, but from their beauty, their perfection, their tendency to connect our own felicity with that of other beings, from a firm persuasion, in short, that all things shall work together for good to those who love God.

With ev'ry grace, thy sinless mind adorn'd.  
 No check the sweet propension then sustain'd ;  
 Nor competition's rage, nor envious strife  
 For nature's gifts ; on each well-temper'd with  
 Indulgent Nature waiting, this the chief  
 To see those gifts diffus'd ; as brightest shines  
 Glad *Hesperus*, when liveliest round him blends  
 His sparkling starry train their friendly beams.  
 All things with equal harmony combin'd,  
 Then to one end conspir'd, in earth as heav'n.  
 Without, within thee, all completely fair  
 Caught, or dispens'd the flow of mutual bliss.  
 How rare the glimpses of that perfect day  
 Now break thy mental gloom ! how faint the charms  
 Of Nature's smile her shadowy veil pervade !  
 Unveil'd, all-beauteous, in full bloom she shone,  
 E'er guilt with dread suffus'd thy down-cast eye :  
 E'er misty error, of presumption born,  
 Dimm'd the clear light of truth, Almighty Love  
 O'er all things cast an air of joy divine.  
 Still as in perfect man the Sire of heav'n  
 Approving own'd his full-reflected form,  
 Still heav'n responsive in the vernal earth  
 Propitious view'd its blest'd resemblance shine.  
 Nor scorching summer blaze, nor wintry storm,  
 Nor star malign deform'd the genial year.  
 Bound to th' extreme bleak pole, the north wind slept

In



In torpid frost ; in deep-ribb'd ice immur'd,  
 Slept all his boist'rous brotherhood, on stores  
 Of moulded hail, on silent thunderbolts,  
 On lightnings yet unwing'd. Soft gales alone  
 Through the mild air enlivening fragrance breath'd.  
 Less fair on fairest *Albion's* sweetest mead,  
 At first gay blush of dawn, the young-eyed May  
 With flow'ry footstep lightly tripping, wafts  
 Along the charmed air the breath of love,  
 Than equal spring diffus'd incessant glee  
 O'er all the globe, in all the graces deck'd  
 Of nature bland, through all the blissful year ;  
 Checq'ring th' autumnal spoils of ev'ry clime  
 With op'ning buds, in ever-recent bloom.

One region by the great Creator bless'd  
 With charms more exquisite, where all were fair,  
 In loftier stile proclaim'd his forming hand.  
 O'er this, the comelier seat of sinless man,  
 With purer azure shone the skies, the rills  
 More clear, more musically warbling ran.  
 More glad the sun-beams o'er th' embroider'd mead,  
 The blooming grove, smooth lawn, or tree-top'd hill,  
 With gentler influence play'd. The balmy breeze  
 More sweetly sportive, o'er the bless'd abode  
 Of innocence, shed peace, shed vernal joy,  
 In liveliest sense of pleasure still serene.

On man, their constant universal friend,  
 Their sov'reign thence confess'd by right divine,  
 His mute dependents gaz'd with grateful eye,  
 That spoke respect more cordial, humbler love  
 Than strains the smiling brow, the bended knee  
 Of the first-favour'd slave of tyrant thrones.  
 The meekest, fiercest of the brutal kind,  
 With equal rev'rence own'd his gentle sway;  
 And pliant to his kind demeanour, all  
 With sweet regard their fellow-brutes beheld.  
 Unarm'd with rage, the panther's sparkling eye  
 Cast on the heifer mild a peaceful glance.  
 As calm the heifer view'd his harmless fang;  
 Then both with man the gifts of nature shar'd.  
 Fond as the friendly hound, with sprightly glee  
 Gambol'd the fiery pard; and at his feet  
 Fell, with the sportive lamb in meekness pair'd.  
 Serenely stately, with obeysance meet,  
 The lion couch'd, and with reverted neck  
 And lambent tongue carefs'd the wanton fawn,  
 That fearless frisk'd upon his ample mane.  
 Conscious how quick the well tun'd bosom beats,  
 Struck with the heav'nly voice of harmony,  
 The sprightly choirs of air melodious pour'd  
 Their melting souls in ardent strife of love.  
 Still as the smiling hours and seasons led  
 The circling dance, to their light steps attun'd,

The



The feather'd warblers trill'd their carols gay,  
Nor mourn'd in silence half the blasted year.

Such grace o'er all things pour'd the bounteous God,  
No least deformity, no lightest trace  
Of imperfection broke the system fair,  
Nor peep'd a lowly violet, nor blaz'd  
A star sublime, but on the open heart  
Of man impress'd its portion of delight.  
Each insect waving its light wings, each act  
Of his half-reas'ning subjects, at his call  
Obsequious, more engaging yet, each air  
Of gen'rous truth on human face divine;  
Yet most — and oh! the prime of earthly joy  
Each sweet compliance, each endearing smile,  
Each tend'rest, rapt'rous interchange of minds,  
That forms of wedded love the cordial tie,  
All all of gladness a fresh spring supply'd.

Bless'd in the joys of all, superior man  
Alone seem'd born to correspond with God;  
Alone of pow'r to trace his gracious laws,  
The mystic springs that hold this goodly frame  
In order, founded on attractive Love;  
Love, the sole principle, that moves, that guides,  
Feeds, animates, inspires this beauteous whole.  
To this first law of Nature, in his breast  
One moral law symphonious, was the source

OF

Of Justice, Wisdom, Sanctity, and Truth,  
 How fair a fund were these of pure delight,  
 When pure delight was all the task of man!  
 These imp'd the far-stretch'd wings, that rais'd his soul  
 To heav'n sublime, impos'd not chains on earth  
 On free-born man, as vice absurdly deems.  
 These, when most perfect each inferior pow'r,  
 When Sense, when Fancy to the height indulg'd,  
 Pure pleasures knew, sublimer these, the life  
 Of genuine reason heav'n-enlighten'd, prov'd  
 His best delights, and dearest. These the joys  
 Which angels, which their Lord Supreme, the God,  
 Th' Eternal God partakes, through present bliss  
 To future glory the bright path disclos'd.

On these intent, his up-cast eyes to heav'n  
 Beaming warm gratitude, his beating breast  
 Ut'ring mute praise, lo! present to his aid  
 Full oft commission'd from th' Eternal Throne,  
 The sons of glory were his guests. Display'd  
 In their exalted dignity, he read  
 His destin'd exaltation, and ador'd  
 In trembling hope, their universal King.

While thus in silent adoration fain  
 Prostrate, he felt th' excess of grace divine  
 O'erpow'ring, disengage from earthly ties  
 His raptur'd soul, with faculties enlarg'd.

Behold,



Behold, in vision to his humble heart,  
 (To reason vain in viewless splendours hid,)  
 Reveal'd the Godhead stood. Th' Almighty word,  
 That bade the sightless eye-ball hail the day,  
 And wing'd the dark imprison'd soul to range,  
 Swift as the lightning glance, o'er earth and sky,  
 Then pour'd on perfect man's unclouded mind  
 A mitigated beam of sacred light,  
 Transcendent, that invests the essence pure  
 Of unapproach'd Deity — Eclips'd,  
 Extinguish'd all created glory fled,  
 Fled as the glow-worm's gleam in blaze of day.

Holiest of Holies, each endearing grace,  
 That speaks thee Author, Father, Friend of man,  
 Sat clear express'd on thy propitious brow.

At thy felt presence on his hallow'd lips  
 Seraphic ardour seiz'd, Then first with speech  
 Inspir'd, they pour'd unmeditated hymns  
 Of grateful praise in freely-flowing strains,  
 By dark surmise unprompted, uncontroul'd  
 By doubt restraining, or coercive dread.  
 From intuition clear of Love Divine,  
 In good supreme o'er all creation spread,  
 They burst in rapture forth:

“ O long besought,  
 Besought in vain to bless these wond'ring eyes,

as

F

Tho'

Tho' all things speak thee present; yet from all  
 Thus beauteous, thus harmonious, thus complete,  
 A ray how faint of Thee, sole Essence pure,  
 How far surmounting my weak sense results!  
 Deign thou my trembling heart, and faulting tongue  
 Inspire with strength to feel, with strength to tell  
 How far beyond all praise, all thought but thine,  
 Thy love eternity alone contains.  
 Yet, still t' inspirit mine, O ever thus  
 Its heights and depths unfearchable disclose.  
 In streams unnumber'd on my raptur'd soul  
 Delight still flows, unmark'd till now their end,  
 Their course, their fount, in Thee their fount I trace,  
 In Thee their course, their end supreme in Thee.  
 Thus grant my conscious heart with ceaseless awe  
 Thy presence to adore."

#### The Form Divine

Impress'd entire dwelt in the soul of man.  
 That light serene of his internal world/  
 Cherish'd, enliven'd, govern'd all its pow'rs.  
 Each Sense on Fancy call'd to taste and see  
 How good their Lord, and gracious. Fancy, Sense  
 On Reason call'd to seek his face benign;  
 All on Devotion call'd to sound his praise.

Then to th' Eternal Fount of Beauty bore  
 Like permanent regard his mental eye,

As



As bears his eye corporeal to the day;  
 Untir'd in full complacency, reclin'd  
 On one prime object of delight, o'er all  
 With equal beam diffus'd, th' unvaried God.  
 No deeper knowledge of inferior things  
 Desiring, than the due proportion dealt  
 By the Supreme Disposer. God, he knew,  
 Who gave him being, freely all things good  
 Vouchsaf'd him; and of such dependance free  
 Enamour'd, all his cares on him repos'd.

O'er blifsful *Eden* still a brighter bloom  
 Up-sprung. Her welcome sweets in soft repose  
 Lull'd each sublimer faculty, o'erspent  
 By Majesty Divine in fervent zeal  
 Contemplated. Yet still with strength renew'd  
 Her ev'ry charm, with goodness unconfin'd  
 And wisdom stamp'd, reclaim'd attention's eye  
 To their kind Author's Image in his breast.

As bears his eye corporeal to the day  
Untr'd in full transparency, reclined  
On one prime object of delight o'er all  
With equal beam diffus'd, the unvaried God  
No deeper knowledge of inferior things  
Desires, than the due proportion death  
By the Supreme Disposer. God, he knew  
Who gave him being, freely all things good  
Vouch'd him, and of such dependence free  
Emancip'd, all his cure on him repose.

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O'er blissful Eden still a brighter bloom

Up-sprung. Her welcome sweets in lot repose

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L

By Majesty Divine in fervent zeal

Contemplated. Yet still with strength renew'd

Her ev'ry charm, with good unconfined

And wisdom stamp'd, reclining attention's eye

To their kind, as angels deem, or cherubim

Virg. Aen. l. IX. v. 183

— Make we Gods of our Delires

Dryden's Fanny



AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
HAPPINES S.

BOOK II.

— *Sua cuique Deus fit dira Cupido?*

Virg. Æn. L. IX. v. 185.

— Make we Gods of our Desires?

Dryden's Transl.

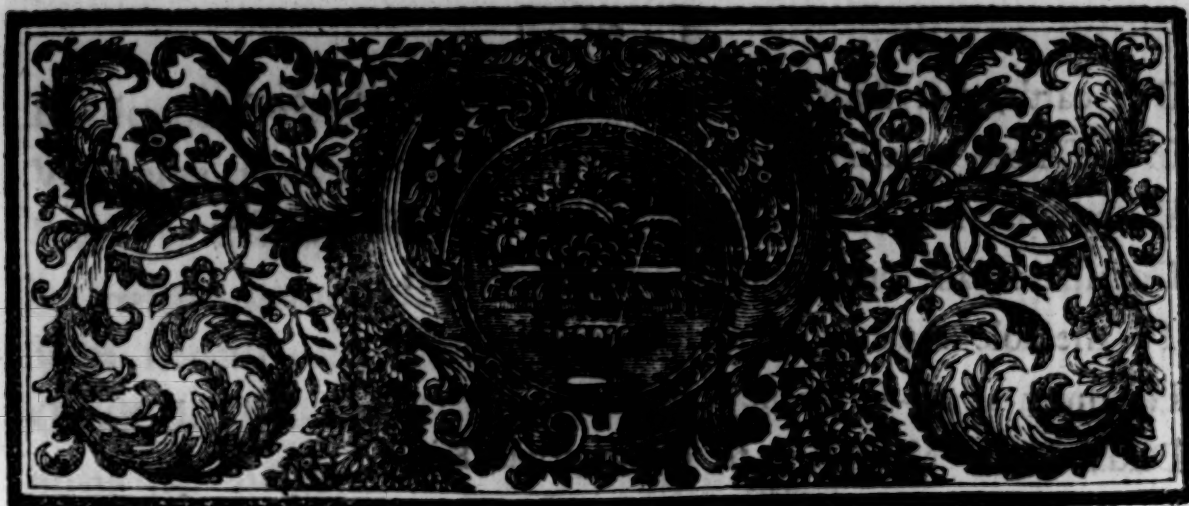


False Self-love the source of evil, moral and natural. The dark side of human life, as spent in selfish pursuits.

### The A R G U M E N T.

The fall of man from happiness, and introduction of moral evil by false Self-love.—The train of natural evils consequent upon it, internal, external.—The necessity of this consequence of natural upon moral evil.—The justice, the mercy of this dispensation.—Address to the Deity.—The vanity and wretchedness of worldly and selfish pursuits --- pleasures --- riches, --- honours.





## B O O K II.

THE blooming charms of blissful *Eden* still

To thee, great Source of beauty as of bliss,

Devout attention drew. Yet ah! with zeal

How lax, at length and spiritless, when lull'd

By soft illusion's lore! Of adverse pow'rs

Though warn'd, incautious, of a bosom-foe

More unsuspected, mindless, man resign'd

To loose desire the reign, till *Eden's* charms

Too fondly to themselves from God withdrew

His alienated heart. By nature prompt

His pure affections, in full stream to rise

O'er

O'er earth, o'er heav'n, to heav'n's all-bounteous Sire  
 In self now cent'ring, to their fount impure  
 With reflux current shrunk. With freedom grac'd,  
 Dominion fair, and dignity, --- vain worm!  
 To the sole Author of perfection blind,  
 He durst at all-sufficiency aspire;  
 Disdain'd th' allegiance to th' Eternal King.  
 That sacred seal of freedom, as of bliss  
 His rash hand—heav'n, how felt it not the shock  
 Of thy presageful pangs?—his rash hand broke.

Deep groan'd the conscious earth, with grief convuls'd  
 Well nigh to dissolution. Seraphs knew  
 A second pause of joy, as at the crime,  
 That in perdition whelm'd their kindred tribes.  
 Alone triumphant, yet in triumph dash'd  
 With inward dread, his aggravated curse  
 Perpending, gloried our grand foe, for man  
 His new associate gain'd, seduc'd from God.

Sudden, from hell's profoundest gloom up-flown,  
 The fiend of very fiends the loathliest scorn,  
 False Self-love, tempter first, avenger now  
 Of man's apostacy, full to his view  
 Begirt with all her brood of ills appears.

E'erwhile when teem'd the first Arch-rebel's brain,\*  
 Th' accurs'd conception Sin with horror struck

His

\* See Paradise lost, Book II.



His legions, with amaze his subject thrones,  
 Well-nigh abash'd himself. The subtle fiend  
 Self-love, that speeded the portentous birth,  
 In specious pomp array'd her, charming soon  
 With smooth pretences the revolted hearts  
 Of all the hell-doom'd host to think her fair.  
 Stiled her indignant zeal in freedom's cause,  
 Assertion bold of inborn worth depress'd,  
 And justice arm'd to quell usurped sway.  
 Thus o'er their willing minds, by sin depriv'd  
 Of all discernment, impious Self-love rul'd  
 Despotic. In her chains with triumph worn  
 They spurn'd the gracious reign of God supreme,  
 Till with vindictive blaze the red right hand  
 Of heav'n's incensed King, each thin disguise  
 Cast o'er the horrors of her form obscene  
 Blasting, the monster bared. The rebel crew  
 Recoil'd, aghast at their detested choice,  
 A tyrant hag of dire tartarean hue,  
 To freedom, bliss, and love divine preferr'd.

Shudd'ring with like dismay, the human heart  
 Cold, nerveless, dead, shrank at th' approaching pest,  
 Then first in her own shape at full descried  
 The Form Divine, that o'er his perfect state  
 Presiding shone, its sacred splendours veil'd  
 In cheerless night, th' unhallow'd seat forsook,

G

Where

Where late that Sun of righteousness so bright  
 Beam'd o'er the beauties of the human mind,  
 Dark Chaos rul'd. Amid the pregnant gloom,  
 Rous'd at the triumph of their parent Fiend,  
 Rose her attendant train of tort'ring woes;  
 Guilt fester'd o'er with self-inflicted wounds,  
 Their smart inflaming with his own rash hands,  
 Shame, who with eye convuls'd, and fev'rous cheek,  
 From light, from thought, from conscious being flies,  
 Distractful Doubt, in giddy mazes whirl'd,  
 Impatient struggling for that rest he scorns,  
 Fear beneath Ruin yet impendent crush'd,  
 The snake hair'd brood, that Fear on Self-love foul  
 Engender'd, canker'd Hate, ensanguin'd Rage,  
 Envy, that withers at the glimpse of joy,  
 Rose flush'd, at sight of mis'ry smiling fell.

To these, with nameless tyrants more, a prey,  
 False Self-love, source of moral ill, consign'd  
 The slave, that 'sdeign'd subjection to his God:  
 And doubling chains on chains to brutal funk  
 Each godlike faculty, compell'd to drudge  
 For Pleasure, deem'd of human bliss the sum,  
 False Pleasure, fount impure of nat'ral ill.

Thus fal'n the spark of heav'nly fire, enjoin'd  
 To soar, and mingle with th' Eternal beam,  
 From whence by Love's almighty hand 'twas struck,

Fal'n



Fal'n thus, against the course of nature fal'n,  
In dust faint-glimm'ring, half extinguish'd lay.

From Love Divine, that, like th'expansè of light  
Howe'er diffus'd o'er blissful myriads, shines  
An equal blessing undiminish'd still,  
To worldly love how desperate the fall!  
Thro' foul abuse profan'd, insidious now  
Thy gifts, O world, with competition snatch'd  
And rent with strife no true contentment yield.  
The bane too real of our peace, 'gainst man  
Thou arm'st the friend by nature's tenderest ties  
Allied, now fiercest adversary, man.  
Ordain'd his doom to share, of wilful guilt  
An instrument, tho' passive, thou alike  
Involv'd in sympathetic ruin fellst.  
Untun'd their harmony, that sweetly chim'd  
With each well-order'd wish of perfect man;  
The jarring elements aveng'd his fall.  
Weak, self expos'd, beneath the burning ray  
He pants, and shudders at the chilling blast.  
O'er dreary wilds by lawless fancy led,  
For his lost Eden roams his hopeless eye,  
His hopeless eye reflects the varied scene.  
Where erst on blooming plenty temp'rance smil'd,  
Swoln riot starts at the pale spectre, want.  
No more spontaneous teem'd the fertile earth  
With all that yielded to refreshment meet

At once of sight, smell, taste enjoyment pure.  
 With constant toil solicited, she deals  
 To sure returning need precarious dues;  
 Nor always friendly; uninvited springs  
 The baleful aconite; profuse the feeds  
 Of lurking fate in the chill \* hemlock spread.  
 Her kindest births, the frail support of life,  
 Themselves with fell corruption's taint impure  
 Smooth our descent to dissolution prone.

With changeful aspect on their alter'd lord  
 Glared the mute herd. Aversion and mistrust,  
 And menace mingled <sup>in</sup> their looks, estranged  
 From grateful confidence, respect, and love.  
 The curse his guilt deriv'd on earth, on air,  
 Of want productive, of disease, of death;  
 Scap'd not their guilty <sup>self</sup> heads; yet lighter glanced  
 Aflant it smote them. Nature's voice, their law,  
 Unviolated still, with potent sway

\* A valuable discovery is said to have been lately made of some medicinal virtues of hemlock, which has hitherto, for want of knowing the proper application of it, been productive only of mischief to mankind. Providence is often pleased by thus converting a curse into a blessing to recompence the industry of man when applied to benevolent purposes. A putrid fen has for ages infected the air all around it, till improv'd and cultivated by the care and expence of one who is bless'd with a true taste in the employment of wealth, it becomes a seat of health and plenty to posterity. V. B. III. In every case however of this kind, the original production of natural evil, must be consider'd as the consequence and punishment of moral evil, since it appears that there is nothing in the nature of the things themselves, that necessarily compels them to be subservient to detrimental more than to useful purposes.

Each



Each pliant movement prompts; nor fell remorse  
 From past, nor dread of future ill they know.  
 They feel unsought the real calm, thy boast,  
 Vain Stoic, that still mocks thy fruitless aim.  
 Entire with relish keen surpassing thine,  
 Base Epicure, they feast on present good.  
 Be this their Eden still; but dream not thou,  
 Their lord, abandon'd to thy own misrule,  
 Here to regain thy forfeit paradise.

Beneath the sky's benignant aspect born,  
 Flourish'd yon branching oak, of all the grove  
 The pride. His verdant bow'r with love notes wild  
 Of plummy nations hail'd the rising dawn.  
 E'er noon a silent monument of wrath,  
 See o'er the blasted lawn how desolate  
 His black shrunk arms wave off each distant wing,  
 Scared at the flaming bolt's disastrous track.  
 Shall yon bare trunk again with verdure gay,  
 And love-notes wild, salute returning dawn?  
 As soon, despoil'd of innocence, shalt thou  
 O'er this thy ruin'd seat in perfect bloom  
 Reflourish. Lost, rejected, set at nought  
 Of Light divine the guidance, that confirm'd  
 Thy steps unwavering in the paths of bliss,  
 Omnipotence defy'd, eternal Truth  
 Mistrusted, Love, Parental Love itself  
 Of envy deem'd the specious veil, ingrate,

Judge

Judge thou thyself--ah! no--a kinder friend,  
 That injur'd Parent has pronounc'd thy fate.  
 Lo, self-entangled in a dreary maze,  
 It's each distractful turn, as Mercy dooms  
 With some dire woe presents thee, ending all  
 In death. Experience strikes into thy soul  
 With ever-during stamp the prime decree,  
 Which God supreme ordains: "The sovereign good  
 To each assign'd all creatures shall attain,  
 When faithful to the means all-ruling Love  
 Prescribes; rejecting these, and of their own  
 Tenacious, on their heads a curse shall draw,  
 Their purpose thwarting, sentenc'd to display  
 In their confusion the divine good will.

O thou, of heav'n sole Parent, as of earth  
 Sole Judge, whom not to know is total want  
 Of true intelligence, tho' vain th' attempt  
 To trace thy footsteps in the dark profound;  
 Thou, whose dread voice from rapt Ezekiel's lips,  
 Check'd all repining, silenc'd all reply,  
 Pronounc'd, how'er unequal Judah's ways,  
 Equal thy ways, that doom'd the rebels fall;  
 Deign with like zeal my trembling lips t'inspire,  
 To tell what strict necessity precludes  
 Ev'n from the shadows vain of temp'ral good,  
 The self-accurs'd, and alienate from Thee.

Thou,



Thou, to thyself sufficient, reign'st alone,  
 Ruler omnipotent, thy sum compleat  
 Of bliss not ev'n omnipotence can raise,  
 Exerted still with never ceasing flow  
 Thro' all thy creatures to dispense its beams.  
 Fair, blest'd, and good thy Word pronounc'd them all,  
 Yet ah! nor goodness in themselves, nor bliss,  
 Nor beauty can they boast. Material worlds  
 Alone from spiritual to perfection hold  
 Their tributary claim. Spirits on Thee,  
 Their center, freely rest, or devious lapse  
 Tow'r'd their original void. Thy potent breath,  
 Sole source of life, extends the boundless range  
 Of their desires o'er all, far more than all,  
 That Nature's whole circumference contains.  
 Yet when conspiring to relieve their toil  
 With transient ease, meer shadows of delight,  
 These perishable scenes our fancy court,  
 With prudence us'd, with pious thanks receiv'd,  
 Receiv'd as pledges of substantial bliss,  
 Thy creatures all their ends compleat fulfil.  
 Thus good indeed thou mad'st them. We in these  
 Seeking, what only can be found in Thee,  
 Our true felicity, have made them vain.  
 But oh! permit not our perverse abuse  
 Of these thy secondary means of good  
 To sunder us from Thee, our Good Supreme

For

For ever. Tho' too like the vot'rys fond,  
 Who roam to visit in the dust of death  
 Entomb'd, the Lord of life, enthron'd in heav'n,  
 Vouchsafe to guide us with erected eyes  
 To seek the glories of thy Face Divine.  
 Thee can these eyes resign for each gay flow'n,  
 That seems our shadowy paradise to deck,  
 Shrunk instant at the touch to empty air?  
 Thee can these hearts, enliven'd by thy breath  
 In those memorials of thy bounty lose?  
 Ah! no, let us all gratitude all love,  
 As all benevolence, all beauty thou,  
 Above the scenes of vanity ascend  
 In spirit up for ever nearer Thee.

But whence, my soul, at this blest moment rais'd  
 Adoring to confess the present God,  
 Sudden start vibrating from heav'n thy pow'rs  
 Prone to this earth inclin'd? One instant check  
 Their headlong flight. Lo! to thine opening eye  
 Expos'd the fiend, that triumphs in thy fall,  
 Outcast himself of heaven, then most fell,  
 When tow'r'd his long-lost mansion soar thy thoughts.  
 Thee, that revolted Spirit seeks t' estrange  
 From God, thy heart seducing to the lure  
 Of what most vain on life's light surface shines.  
 Awhile with vision clear from passion's mist  
 The specious baits contemplate. As they pass

Tear



Tear from each phantom form the glitt'ring veil,  
 Trick'd in the glare of luxury and pride,  
 To swell their semblance of substantial blifs.

See lightly tripping with uncertain step,  
 And swimming eye, to no fix'd object true,  
 Limbs loosely floating in transparent robes,  
 In all the languid airs of artful ease,  
 Lip strain'd with smile convulsive, cheek that glows  
 With bloom far other than e'er nature knew,  
 Gay Pleasure courts thee to her wanton bow'r.  
 There wait thee all the charms, that wake each sense  
 To transport, varying as thy melting frame  
 On delicacies new fastidious calls  
 To quicken faint desire ; soft breathing gales,  
 Fresh flowrets, cates ambrosial, sparkling wines,  
 More brilliant wit, yet keener far the glance  
 Flashing from love-bright eyes, and sounds that blend  
 Their soft enchantment with the sweets, that sooth  
 Each pamper'd sense, and waft th' exulting soul  
 Above th' unenvied joys of distant heav'n ;  
 There wait thee—Fool, thou little dreamst the woes,  
 That wait thee there—what woes? and whence? avaunt,  
 Enthusiast, is not nature's prime command  
 Be blest'd? He best obeys, who most enjoys---  
 True such her prime command ; nor dubious once  
 The task, when pure delights without a name,  
 Or vestige left upon this sin worn mould,

H

On

On innocence from all things freely flow'd.  
 Thy joys, alas! how questionable now!  
 How needful now that privilege, indulg'd  
 Alone to virtue, to restrain desire,  
 Till reason proves its title to the heart,  
 From conscious worth deriv'd, and just esteem,  
 At each exertion of these godlike pow'rs  
 Flows a fresh fount of bliss, to cheer the soul  
 That up heavn's steep ascent holds its firm course,  
 With hope strong panting; bliss, unknown to thee,  
 Poor self-denying patron of delight.  
 In Virtue's lovely form thy jealous eye  
 Sees a stern foe, that robs thee of thy joys.  
 Thy lawless joys thy reason far outrun,  
 They ev'n outrun desire. Full oft the Fiend  
 Prevented wonders at thy ruin wrought  
 Precipitant, e'er he with tempting bait  
 Can thy keen passions ply. Thy fancy raves  
 On disappointment doating, chafing still  
 What evermore when caught thy reason scorns;  
 What oft meer instinct nauseates, and condemns.  
 Oft ev'n thy wiser clay, tost with the crowds,  
 That fluttering sport in Pleasure's hurrying storm,  
 Proclaims her vain, vexatious. Half abash'd  
 Resolve at length to vindicate thy pride,  
 The slacken'd frame obeys thee not; but spent  
 And sinking still it courts the driving gale.  
 Down down the gulph of woe beyond recall

She



She whirls thee. There her each attendant Grace,  
 Mirth, Licence, Luxury, whose wanton charms  
 Thy wild dream soothing, round thy captive heart  
 So fondly twin'd, in dire distorted shapes  
 Of hags infernal, rack thy shatter'd frame.  
 Pall'd Luxury o'er all her honey'd sweets  
 Of hatefullest disfrelish pours the gall.  
 While chains on chains by lawless Licence heap'd  
 Round thee, still ruder for thy struggling, cling.  
 Unfeeling Mirth her ceaseless laugh suppress'd,  
 Writhes her broad front with agonizing spleen,  
 Exasp'rating to madness ev'ry pang.

Stiff-rob'd in all the cumb'rous wealth of *Ind*,  
 A shape with dropsy swoln, with famine gaunt,  
 With harpy claws that cramm'd still grasp at more,  
 Lo! Mammon brooding sits o'er unfunn'd heaps  
 Of golden coin, rude ingots, ruder ore.  
 On all sides round he glares with haggard eyes,  
 Where fear and fierce desire alternate watch.  
 Sternly the frowning Phantom bids thee kneel  
 At his proud altar, and revere him God,  
 Sov'reign of all beneath the vaulted sky;  
 Off'ring, t' inflame thy zeal, the pomp, the wealth,  
 And tinsel splendours of this nether world.  
 Mortal, these tempting treasures to obtain  
 From yon vain Idol, fore the toil, the task  
 Severer than the Source of being claims

To fix thy title to the wealth of heav'n.  
 Resign'd that hope remote, the hasty choice  
 Thou deem'st thy present gain, at leisure weigh.  
 Wasted, and swelling with each prosp'rous gale,  
 Strait let th' exhausted stores of rich *Peru*,  
 With half *Golconda's*, in thy coffers rise.  
 Now at their most triumphant height, consult  
 Thy throbbing heart; can it now taste of joy?  
 That recreant heart, alas! too sadly feels  
 Its own unworthiness, to think of bliss.  
 No, not for thee forth walks the blooming Spring,  
 Flush'd with the genial smile of Love supreme.  
 No, not for thee, when laugh the vales, and sing,  
 Reflects the ripen'd year, the bounteous God.  
 No, not for thee, the grand enliv'ner, light,  
 First-born of heav'n, descends, the formless mass  
 With comeliness investing, grace and joy.  
 No, wretch, in vain for thee does Nature bid  
 Her simplest child with open breast receive  
 Her obvious blessings. Stung with swarms of care,  
 Distracted, harass'd by thy tyrant, Gain,  
 No leisure hast thou to attend the voice  
 Of Nature, or adore her Lord benign.  
 That sacred voice thy truest gain declares,  
 To trace the footsteps of her Author's love.  
 Were this thy prime pursuit, indulgent heav'n  
 Might, for the welfare of mankind, on thee  
 A public blessing pour in show'rs of wealth;

Not



Not then reserv'd in stagnant pool to sleep;  
 Or wasteful headlong dash'd, to whelm the vale  
 With torrent foul; but in each roseate bud,  
 Each hopeful scyon, or each languid leaf,  
 To feed, with many a silent rill, the springs  
 Of health, and life, and beauty. Thus inclin'd,  
 'Tis not in fortune's frown to make thee poor.  
 One heart-expanding smile of conscious worth  
 All the vain treasures of the world outweighs.  
 With glance more potent than th'arch-chymic sun,  
 Where'er the child of nature turns his eye,  
 Spread the rich stores of Amalthæa's horn;  
 His own is all the wealth, which all enjoy.

On yon proud pyramid that braves the sky,  
 In shew like polish'd adamant compact,  
 Tho' but a vapour that confronts the sun,  
 Behold Ambition rears her blazing form.  
 Earth on her tow'ring aspect from beneath  
 With wonder wild hangs trembling. At her nod  
 The gathering crowds of her adorers press  
 Round the wide base of her exalted throne.  
 Low-groveling on the ground the reptiles vain  
 In thought strain panting up the less'ning steps.  
 High o'er their heads in air suspended wave  
 Scepters, and truncheons, tinsel trophies, crowns  
 Of crumbling ore, and lawrels ever-green.  
 At these they grasp advent'rous, and full oft

Rude competition's shock, an adverse blast,  
 A random slip tumbles them headlong down,  
 Whelm'd in th'abyss of loath'd obscurity.  
 How abject the fall'n wretch! the wretch indeed,  
 To deem less abject the delusive height,  
 Where basely scrambling he but seem'd to soar.  
 Let the vain Goddess on each effort smile,  
 Success attend each aim, self-center'd still  
 For pow'r, dominion, grandeur; more severe  
 Than disappointment, on his tow'ring head  
 It heaps new perils from the rival rage  
 Of foes, of friends, new tortures on his breast  
 With fiercer throbs distended. Victor still  
 Kind Fortune speed him, each opponent quell,  
 Fly o'er the surface of the stream of life  
 Uncheck'd the circle of his wishes, wide  
 Still widening, gain it's measur'd round, this earth  
 Its bound'ry---as we gaze, 'tis vanish'd---lost  
 The very being our weak optics lent.  
 So mean thy proudest boast, Ambition, sinks  
 In virtue's estimation, she disclaims  
 Each double-hearted vot'ry at her shrine,  
 That looks not with a fix'd contempt on thee.  
 Degen'rate, little reck's thy low-bent thought  
 How glorious once above the solar blaze  
 Thou shonst---then hear it, and with shame expire.  
 Heav'n-born, supremely fair, till basely sunk  
 From thy sublime original, thou fellst

Of



Of wretched Self the thrall, 'twas thine the charge  
 In breasts angelic as in man to raise  
 An ardent appetite for praise divine,  
 A boundless wish for pow'r to imitate,  
 Beneficence unbounded. Lives there still  
 A soul retentive of that sacred fire?  
 Above the feeble trump of earthly Fame,  
 Above the low-shrunk pinnacle of pride  
 Imperial, he proclaims how void of light,  
 Save what the fount of light on virtue sheds,  
 Is all created glory; present hears  
 Th' approving God: not his own conscious heart  
 More clear more present speaks his genuine worth.  
 Say then what wonder that completely blest'd  
 In heav'n's applause, he spurns with calm disdain  
 This earth's vain pageants, Pleasure, Wealth, and Pow'r  
 Unown'd, unhallow'd by celestial Truth.



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In breaks angelic as in man to raise

An ardent appetite for praise divine

A boundless will for power to raise

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Save what the fount of light on virtue sheds

Is all created glory; present here

Th' approving God; not his own conflict here

More clear more present speaks his genuine worth

Say then what wonder does complicity bring

In heav'n's apostle, he spurns with scorn divine

This earth's vain pageant; 'tis his, 'tis his

Unown'd, unallow'd by celestial fire



A N  
E S S A Y  
ON  
H A P P I N E S S.  
The A R G U M E N T.

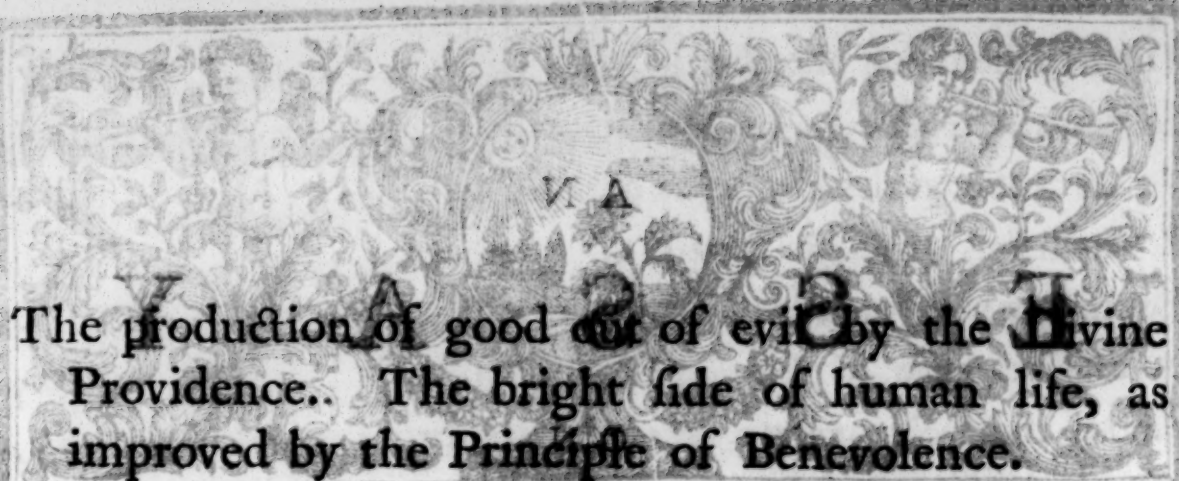
BOOK III.

Κοσμεῖς τὰ ἄκοσμα, καὶ ἡ φίλα σοὶ φίλα ἔστιν.  
Ὡδε γὰρ εἰς ἐν πάντα συνήρμοκας, ἐδλά κακοῖσιν  
Ὡσθ' ἐτα γίνεσθαι πάντων λόγον αἰὲν ἔοντα.

Cleanth. Hymn.

Thou, what vice disorders, canst compose;  
And profit by the malice of thy foes;  
So blending good with evil, fair with foul  
As thence to model one harmonious WHOLE;  
One universal law of truth and right.

Transl. West.



The production of good out of evil by the Divine Providence. The bright side of human life, as improved by the Principle of Benevolence.

H A P P I N E S S  
The A R G U M E N T.

Fal'n man still encouraged to confide in the Deity---All evil is under the secret control of his Providence---His Truth exhibits to man a picture of his moral state---His Justice denounces misery and death to sin as the decree of infinite Goodness---His Mercy commissions Hope to lead man to a prospect of the recovery of happiness---Natural evil a salutary check upon presumption---Instances of moral good---humility---temperance---justice---wisdom---charity---piety produced by natural evil---Our imaginations represent the evils of both kinds as much greater than they really are---Even our low system far more abundant in goodness and happiness, than we commonly conceive it to be---A view of it as it may be suppos'd to appear to the eye of a superior Being.





## BOOK III.

**L**OVE, peace, and joy, how faint your traces now,  
Fled with the freedom of the sons of God;  
How fled from this your violated haunt,  
To hostile forms resign'd of hate and woe!  
Whither, ah! whither turns the child of wrath,  
When all creation frowns resentful round?  
Offended Lord, whither if not to Thee?  
Mindful of Mercy most in keenest ire,  
Thy vengeful stroke but speaks impartial love.

From brief eclipse thy countenance benign  
 Emerging clear displays the mystic art,  
 That blends in Good Supreme this various **WHOLE**,\*  
 Thro' faith alone to weak-eyed man unveil'd.  
 One shadowy moment pass'd, th' eternal scheme  
 Shall op'ning still, and op'ning on his mind  
 Thro' all futurity, it's endless maze  
 Unravel; then miscall'd in mortal stile  
 Shall nat'ral ill thy noblest gift be deem'd  
 The main support confess'd of moral good:  
 As chance, blind arbitress, to heav'nly eyes  
 Reveal'd, all-ruling Providence appears.

For earth too high, are these celestial themes  
 Still in dim clouds involv'd? Oh, pardon, Thou,

\* It is but a part we see of the divine government of the moral world; and of that part we must be content to form a very imperfect judgment until we are endued with a capacity of comprehending the whole. This may be illustrated by a striking analogy in the œconomy of Providence in the natural world. Here every single object of our contemplation, when consider'd as a compleat Whole, is wonderfully beautiful. Such an object for instance is the entire structure of any vegetable, animal or human body. The more accurately we examine every part of such a body as connected with the Whole, the more it raises our admiration. But when we cast our eyes upon a small broken part of an organized body, as an irregular piece of wood, of bone, or of flesh, all we see is a confus'd and shapeless mass. At the same time let a skilful Anatomist examine it, he shall discern great symmetry and beauty in it, from his knowledge of the relation, which it bore to that entire body, of which it was a part. What we too often presume to complain of, in some particular dispensations of Providence with respect to good and evil, if the whole system of God's moral government were known to us, would prove to be a meer mistake of our own, arising from some imperfect and confus'd apprehension of things.

Whose



Whose holiest ark never did eye profane  
 Visit, unblasted, if my erring sense  
 Transgress its bounds appointed in pursuit  
 Of mystic truth. Enough perhaps for man  
 Fain man to know, by self-presumption fain,  
 Self-humbled doom'd to rise, that still benign  
 Are thy decrees, (how'er perversely turn'd  
 To his confusion) and resistless still;  
 That prompt, when sin, fell tyrant, needs control,  
 Thine equal hand the due proportion'd check  
 Dispenses mild of salutary woe,  
 Till both one regulated period find.

When first experienc'd ill, a doleful glimpse  
 Of knowledge darting on revolted man,  
 With heav'n-sent horrors fill'd his conscious mind,  
 Deep struck they soften'd his obdurate heart;  
 And waken'd sad conviction, purging clear  
 His streaming eyes, no longer fondly bent  
 On self-deceit. Appal'd he starts at guilt  
 In her own form abhorr'd; and loud bewails  
 Sweet innocence for ever ever lost;  
 Ah! lost how soon th' Eternal fount of good,  
 Ev'n in th' exub'rance of his bounty lost!  
 How late in dread of his just vengeance found!  
 Yet found thus late, he bids from these low scenes  
 Firm Faith to reconduct her trembling charge,

The

The mystic heights of Love supreme to seek,  
 With hand unseen, as whelm'd with guilt he lay  
 Prostrate, the presence felt of Truth severe,  
 And Justice arm'd to end him, soft she touch'd  
 His front — up-rais'd his eye, behold enthron'd  
 Imperial sits between her sister-twins  
 Mercy Divine. Unbent their awful brows,  
 Charm'd by their Sov'reign's ever-gentle fway,  
 With equal grace reflect her placid smile.

Truth first, in accents clear, attun'd to all  
 Its trembling strings, the human heart address'd.

Experienc'd good condemn'd, presumptuous man,  
 Of untry'd ill too curious, sharply now  
 Rue the just issue of thy wilful choice.  
 View self-impress'd with various forms of ill  
 Thy conscious mind ; where these thy cherish'd foes  
 With strong desire of good contending, raise  
 Incessant jars ; ordain'd to lasting peace  
 A stranger to remain, till Grace Divine  
 New-form thy soul, for ever fix'd on vice  
 Thy scorn, on virtue thy sincere esteem.

In solemn tones inspiring sacred awe,  
 Terrors profane dispelling, Justice thus  
 In brief pronounc'd his mitigated doom.

Soon



Soon shall these checquer'd scenes of sin and woe,  
Thus ever pair'd by \*fate supremely kind,  
Obtain a close desirable in death.

Nor more — with voice, whose harmony suspends  
All sadness, ev'n despair, the very pangs  
Of hell, o'er-ruling Mercy spoke the rest.

Though forfeited, though lost, though distant now,  
Lo! yet reclaimable, thy bliss presents  
Its image fair, in prospect rising still;  
From varying stage to stage, thro' life conducts  
Thy faithful step, sequacious as it flies.  
See! it surmounts the dreaded gulph of death,  
While o'er th' unheeded brink thy rapt'rous eye  
Still hangs, its flight pursuing. Fix'd on heav'n  
Keep there its constant track. Nor life nor death  
Can long detain thee from the glorious prize,  
Which thus regain'd is thine to part no more.

She spoke — Forth issuing from the throne of grace,  
On golden pinions gliding down the sky,

\* Fate here signifies the decree of God.—What I will is *FATE*, says the Deity in the *Paradise Lost*. The word originally meant the declaration of the divine decree. Unintelligent fate is an absurdity, that certainly was never thought of when the word was first used, it being derived from *fari*, to speak, to pronounce.

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Heav'n's loveliest emissary, Hope descends,  
 Array'd in all the blooming hues, that deck  
 The paradise of God: Her smiling brow  
 With buds of amaranth encircled glows,  
 A waving mist o'erhangs her sparkling eyes,  
 That rais'd in vain to dissipate the gloom,  
 Yet gild, or keen transpierce its skirts obscure.  
 As ever and anon the vapour dim  
 Redoubling presses on her lab'ring sense,  
 Her white hand lifts a long protended tube,  
 Thro' which within the heav'n of heav'n she views  
 New *Edens*, brighter as more distant still,  
 Portray'd in endless perspective, arise.  
 On this her fair ambassadress, the charge  
 Mercy Supreme impos'd, to wake the soul  
 Desponding, sunk in lethargy of woe,  
 New life with lost perfection to regain.  
 Ordain'd the substitute of bliss, she leads  
 The mind that droops in sullen self abroad,  
 Its inborn strength t' exert in useful toil,  
 Hence the glad hind o'er winter's drear domain  
 Displays the promise of autumnal wealth.  
 Hence the fond parent rears the tardy seeds  
 Of moral truth, tending with ceaseless care  
 The weedy garden of the youthful mind,  
 Till each fair plant rais'd from the fruitful stock  
 Of Love, till fortitude with prudence rang'd  
 With justice, candour, temp'rance, bounty, springs ;

And



And rising stately to proportion due,  
 With beauty and diffusive fragrance blooms.  
 Hence all the various arts that sweeten life  
 Their birth derive, their progress, their mature  
 Perfection. Hence the heav'n-born child asserts  
 His native dignity anew, collects  
 Beyond conjecture his immortal state,  
 On earth looks down triumphant o'er the grave.

Let ill success on all our steps attend,  
 Our dear delights be vanish'd all, nor then  
 Flies from extreme distress our well-known friend;  
 High o'er the present gloom in fancy's eye  
 Some glitt'ring form of happiness aloft  
 Still waving; till our oft-eluded grasp  
 Eternity at length completely fills.

But lest Presumption vain, that wrought our fall,  
 Again subversive of our hopeful rise,  
 To these low scenes our best affections bind,  
 Mindless of aught more glorious, fond to raise,  
 O madness! on this earth a transient heav'n,  
 The permanent forgot, rejected, scorn'd,  
 The Lord of earth and heav'n commissions Pain  
 To quell this deadly foe. Our friend unknown  
 With grief and disappointment in his train,  
 In hateful shapes obeys the laws of Love;  
 Severely kind, on man's reluctant eye

K

Strikes

Strikes quick perception of his abject state,  
 With all the wretchedness of reptile pride:  
 From each delusive object of desire,  
 That led him first astray, a lesson draws,  
 With keen remorse impress'd, and healthful wound.  
 Not more benign the voice, that bids the spring  
 With all her sweets enrich the liberal gale,  
 Than when the whirlwind's temper'd rage it calls  
 To sweep the ling'ring plague from stagnant air.  
 Not less benign the same paternal hand  
 With fore disrelish drugs th' immoderate bowl,  
 That crowns the thirsty lab'rer's cup with joy.

When day by day, munificent in vain,  
 Heav'n pours its blessings on our thankless heads,  
 'Tis manna tasteless all. Our sense deprav'd  
 Covets, obtains, and riots on our bane,  
 Till gorg'd with flesh diseased, on our throats  
 Seizing, a timely pestilence restores  
 Our taste corrected to the bread of heav'n.

If self-love, heedless of another's harm,  
 O'er reason trampling spurns at right and law,  
 Justice, thine empire o'er its wildest rage  
 Its wholesome strength derives from dread of pain.

When all our thoughts unrein'd to folly run,  
 Affliction best recalls the wand'ers home,

Bear



Bares to our op'ning eyes our inmost hearts,  
 Till Wisdom there erects her sacred throne,  
 Celestial Wisdom, our secure defence  
 Amid the perils of surrounding ill.  
 As erst on *Israel* fore oppress'd arose  
 Pure light in *Goshen*, when substantial night  
 Around incumbent whelm'd their careless lords.

Full oft, awak'd by sympathetic smart,  
 Has Charity relum'd her heav'nly flame,  
 That, sunk in senseless ease and dormant, lay.  
 But far more potent on the soften'd breast  
 The felt infliction works of actual woe ;  
 All the quick springs of tenderness exerts,  
 In aid of wretchedness, itself has known.  
 The subject thus, and bless'd efficient too  
 Of this best principle, distress exalts  
 The virtuous mind to be the gaze of thrones  
 Celestial, guardians, like itself, of man :  
 When sore distress'd the \* man of God's own choice  
 How more than human ! See with melting eyes  
 Bent o'er a sleeping foe, he saves a life  
 Expos'd impatient to destroy his own !  
 How less than brutal, when elate with pow'r,  
 And regal pride ! View him with savage lust  
 Inflam'd, imbrued in his brave servant's blood,  
 Obscure the splendour of his prosperous reign.

\* David.

Sacred to virtue, to religion sworn,  
 And hallow'd from the womb, like *Manoah's* son,  
 Deep on thine infant mind parental care  
 In living traces fix'd their awful forms;  
 Till roving wild thro' life's gay-shifting scenes,  
 False Pleasure courts thy too too passive sense.  
 The traitress lulls thee in her harlot lap,  
 Steals o'er thy slumb'ring soul, each trace divine  
 Confounding; quells, tho' heav'n inspir'd, thy strength.  
 Lost, lost, of God forsaken, where ah! where  
 Shall night o'erwhelm thy guilt in depth of shade?  
 True self-esteem with conscious virtue fled,  
 Remains there ought thy refuge but despair?  
 In Israel's Champion self-defeated, view  
 Thy kindred fate, like him, by the rude gripe  
 Of anguish faved, from endless ruin snatch'd.  
 Arous'd by a relentless hostile band,  
 Disgrac'd, a slave, bereav'd of chearful day,  
 This shame thy pledge of lasting glory deem,  
 From foul oppression thy release these bonds,  
 This night the tidings of celestial dawn.  
 For lo! with healing on his wings descends,  
 And fresh returns of strength, the Pow'r unseen,  
 Eer while unheeded, now with zeal implor'd.  
 Thy passions all compos'd, thy patient heart  
 Secure of triumph, smiles upon thy foes.  
 With front serener far than when reclin'd

It



It languish'd on th' infidious charmer's breast,  
 With front serener thy devoted head  
 In virtue's cause a bleeding victim lies.

Thus in the hand of all-controlling Love  
 Bless'd instrument of good, severest ill  
 From earthly dross refines, and lifts thy soul  
 Sublime to seek in God thy good supreme.

On heav'n tho' fix'd with undeclining ray,  
 O'er this it's humble threshold let thine eye  
 Glance chearful on, it's faint resemblance here  
 By Sovereign Wisdom cast in dubious shades  
 Devoutly trace; nor heed the shapes of woe  
 That frequent native in this region rise,  
 Of guilt alone, and folly doom'd the dread.

Not the drear coast, where doze the rude Samoids,  
 Tho' dark with aggravated horrors, draws  
 One secret murmur from the pious breast,  
 Or tear from the pure eye, that fees diffus'd  
 O'er all one equal one parental care.  
 To social pleasures dead, alone to pains  
 Alive, tho' fullen, shrunk in caves, they lie;  
 Till famine rouse them, o'er th' ensanguin'd snows  
 With clubs to fell their storm-defeated prey:  
 Not the fell Iroquese, who feasts with glee,

And

And insult, fiercer than his tort'ring flames,  
 On the rent limbs of his yet breathing foe:  
 Not the dire scenes, Nigritia's torrid clime  
 Presents, where lawless o'er th' impurpled strand  
 Blind fury stalks, while, spurn'd each tend'rest tie,  
 Sons, brethren, parents with each others 'lives  
 And liberties an impious traffick hold:  
 Not polish'd *Europe's* crimes more barb'rous far,  
 With keener sense of heart-felt pangs aveng'd,  
 A nation's rights betray'd, her freedom sold,  
 Millions with wanton desolation swept  
 By one man's frenzy to a timeless grave.

Howe'er oppress'd with gloom congenial, struck  
 By these dread forms of evil, blind with zeal,  
 Self-persecuting zeal, enthusiasts rave,  
 And paint this troublous world the type of hell,  
 It's wretched sons a race of fiends accurs'd,  
 Our universal Parent with a smile,  
 Compassionates their weak unnat'ral toil,  
 And with a smile confounds. Their conscious hearts  
 Reluctant own, with mercy compass'd round,  
 Ev'n earth to heav'n recounts her Maker's love,  
 Nor is her speech unlovely; but attun'd  
 To notes irregularly sweet, proclaims  
 It's Harmonist divine. Full oft detains  
 Her landscape fair the Seraph's balanc'd wing  
 In mid career suspended—

" Hail,



"Hail, blest'd Orb,  
 (Thus instant issues from his fervent lips  
 The friendly gratulation,) earth, all hail,  
 Heav'n's portal deck'd with sweetly varied art,  
 Seat of our infant brethren, born to fill  
 Our vacant thrones, what time th' Almighty Word  
 Our grateful tribes shall call, with steadier eyes  
 Ascending, nearer to approach the shrine  
 All-glorious of th' unseen Paternal God.  
 May Love Divine it's blessings on thee show'r  
 With fresh increase, fair nursery of heav'n.

Now zealous to survey this recent field  
 To laud the great Creator, lowly bent  
 His radiant head o'er each embroider'd vale,  
 Each pine-clad mountain, each meand'ring stream,  
 O'er ocean's azure plain adores the steps  
 Apparent of the God. His nearer glance  
 Descends to their minute possessor, Man,  
 With all the mimic wonders of his toil;  
 And brightning sees lost Eden, lost by sin,  
 By toil, the curse, which heav'n on sin denounc'd  
 Thus rudely sketch'd anew; the desert wild  
 Now social grown, to living fields transform'd,  
 And taught with harvests gay to laugh and sing;  
 The loathsome fen, by Nature's boon ordain'd  
 To rouse and recompense his gen'rous care,

With

With many a cot besprinkled, calm abode  
 Of rose-lip'd health, with chearful labour twinn'd,  
 Cities from harmony and union sprung,  
 Where scepter'd splendour waits on sacred law;  
 Where want-instructed art her hundred hands  
 Extends to all of ev'ry gift profuse;  
 Where commerce, on each gale's auspicious wings,  
 O'er the wide ocean's all-connecting realm  
 Wafts the rich stores of ev'ry distant coast;  
 Bright fanes to heav'n supreme in homage rear'd,  
 With rev'rence due to consecrate the whole.

Last on this various world's contracted sum,  
 On man, to cherubs, to the worm allied,  
 His eye, where just esteem, and pity rise  
 Blended with candour, and discernment, dwells.  
 Tho' sunk in deep'ning shades to mortal sight,  
 Scarce of his native brightness gleams a ray,  
 His subject myriads constant in the path  
 Of nature walking unbenighted still.  
 As when o'er heav'n's clear vault, th' attendant train  
 Of countless stars put all their splendour forth,  
 Her crescent wrap'd in cloudy veil, their Queen  
 Athwart their glittering files in shrouded state  
 Advancing slow shuns all terrestrial ken.

Not thus eludes th' angelic eye the grace  
 On lapsed man residing. Unobscur'd

By



By low-born mist his comprehensive view  
 In thy sole essence lost, all-seeing God,  
 O'er all creation's charms expatiates free;  
 In man, low-groveling thus beneath himself,  
 He owns the destin'd heir of highest heav'n;  
 His very tears congratulates; nor deems  
 This wayward plaintful infant less the child,  
 The fondly favour'd child of Love Divine,  
 Than the rapt seraph o'er the mount of God  
 Ascending, bright with undiminish'd blaze;  
 Sees from these tears the sacred claim arise  
 Of sympathetic tenderness and love;  
 In the faint cry, that with his earliest breath  
 First ushers the defenceless babe to light,  
 Hears the prime call of nature, sent to rouse  
 The dormant principle of social care;  
 Hears it the sweet propension fix for life,  
 With unremitted tendance long to watch  
 The frailest feeblest birth of mortal race,  
 Maturer years to cherish, stooping age  
 With rev'rence to relieve, and prompt support.  
 Thus to this bless'd intelligence, the wants,  
 Th' infirmities of man the source appear,  
 Whence all his wealth, and strength, and glory flow.

More wond'rous still, that very pow'r, that sinks  
 His nature lowest in his own esteem  
 Th' Arc-angel notes, as the distinguish'd seal,

L

That

That marks his near alliance to the thrones  
 Of glory, of his ascent the certain pledge.  
 He views him conscious of a nobler fate,  
 With self-disdain illustriously abas'd,  
 With inborn feeling of perfections struck,  
 Transcending far this perishable state ;  
 At whose sublime conception shrink himself  
 Below compare, humbled in dust he lies.  
 More candid far our heav'nly critic weighs  
 Each strength each frailty with impartial scale ;  
 In varied being views with compass wide  
 Our station just; above, below, combin'd  
 In this harmonious ALL, compleat and full.

Let weak opinions jar, this fearful frame  
 Corporeal misconceiving; all it's pow'rs  
 Organic still their stated rules obey.  
 Let science rave in wild confusion tost,  
 This moral system tracing; not the growth  
 Exorbitant of ill, not hell's despite  
 It's firm foundations have o'erwhelm'd : Deep laid  
 By Providence Divine still firm they stand;  
 Establish'd thus, they stand th' authentic proof  
 How strong the prevalence this abject earth  
 Yet boasts of moral good. Prevailing vice,  
 With lawless rage, had swept our feeble race,  
 As sweeps the whirlwind from the face of day  
 The flutt'ring insect swarms. Th' Eternal stamp'd

On



On sin the characters abhor'd of woe  
 Contagious, and perdition widely spread,  
 That many deeds of love might rise to quell  
 The wasteful fury of one deed of hate.  
 Yon axe with gore distain'd, at one dire act  
 Of rage tyrannic, rent th' unfullied thread  
 Of *Sidney's* life. Oh! what a world of love,  
 (Matter to thee of wonder, seraph blest'd,)  
 From helpless childhood rais'd it, safe convey'd  
 Through perilous youth, to rev'rend age maintain'd!

Where heav'nly wisdom in the front erect  
 And eye sublime, beaming with gen'rous light  
 Of truth and love, reveres impress'd the God,  
 Go, wisdom's hypocrite, o'erweening sage,  
 (Thy solemn self high-tow'ring o'er thy kind,)  
 View there with erring spleen a wretched slave  
 Of folly, sunk beneath his kindred brute.

What though no less alive to joy than man,  
 Yon sprightly lark, that wakes the meek-ey'd morn  
 Springs from the fresh-turn'd furrow, mid the clouds  
 Borne on the buoyant breath of gentle May;  
 With pure delight, from pain fantastic free  
 Shrill-warbling, hears his new-enamour'd mate,  
 That wanton flutters o'er the blooming thorn,  
 Charm with alluring and responsive trill:

Discerns with pure delight the mutual flame  
 Of young desire wave o'er her glancing eye,  
 And glossy plumes, in vernal radiance gay:  
 Superior man this universal smile  
 Of Nature joins, to rational delight  
 Exalted, tracing from each blest effect  
 Each cause beneficent, aspires himself  
 With grateful toil her blessings to improve.  
 Each social claim discharg'd, from all around  
 In various offices of love repaid,  
 Tenfold repaid on his own bosom feels;  
 To present scenes unfetter'd springs aloft,  
 The laws of heav'n in space and time remote  
 Exploring, scans his own exerted sway,  
 O'er distant lands, o'er ages far diffus'd.  
 Seas drain'd, alps level'd, earth encompass'd, heav'n  
 Completely spann'd, peace, virtue, freedom, bliss  
 To future generations well secur'd.  
 Are these th' atchievements of a brute or God?  
 Let eyes angelic speak their kindred pow'rs.

How fair to fancy opens nature, grac'd  
 With order, beauty, harmony divine,  
 Above the gross delights of brutal sense?  
 Yet lovelier far when reason's calm review  
 Arrests her flying forms, to some great end  
 In th' intellectual world subservient all.

But



But oh! far loveliest on religion's eye  
 Beams from this wond'rous Whole the bounteous God,  
 Rais'd to that sole Artificer of Bliss  
 In sympathy, man shares the joy divine  
 From blessings infinite, conceiv'd beyond  
 His bounded range ; and pants with eager hope  
 His faint concurrence may acceptance find.



How fair to fancy opens nature's grace  
 With order, beauty, harmony divine,  
 Above the gross delights of brutal sense  
 Let lovelier far when reason's calm review  
 Ample her flying forms to some great end  
 In the intellectual world sublimed all.

But oh! far loveller on religion's eye  
 Beams from this wondrous Whole the boundless One  
 Rind to that sole Author of all  
 In sympathy, man shares the joy divine  
 From things infinite, conceived beyond  
 His bounded range; and pours with eager hope  
 His faint conjectures into acceptance

# ESSAYS

## HAPPINESS



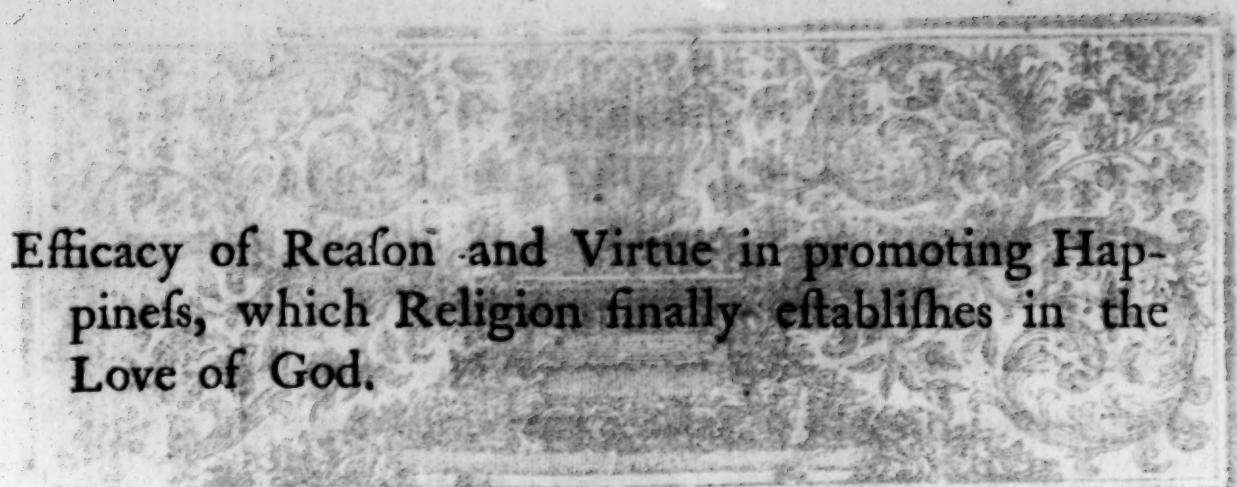
God is Love, and he that dwelleth in God  
 and God in him.  
 1 John, iv. 16



AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
HAPPINESS.  
BOOK IV.

God is Love, and he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God,  
and God in him.

1 *John*, iv. 16.

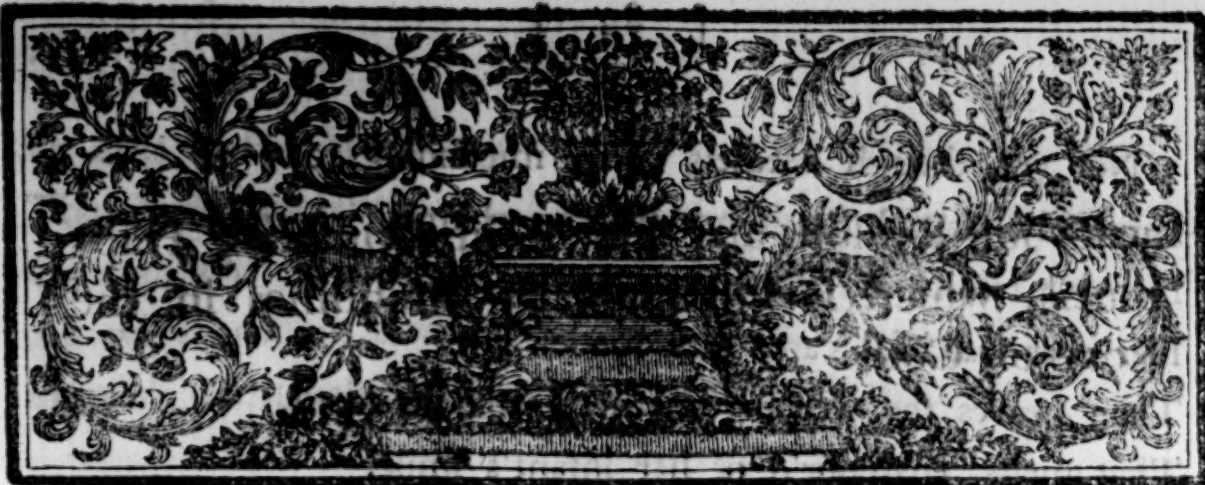


Efficacy of Reason and Virtue in promoting Happiness, which Religion finally establishes in the Love of God.

### The A R G U M E N T.

The power of reason to enforce the principle of benevolence---The amiableness and dignity of the principle itself---The power of Religion to enforce it by revealing the real essence, merit and end of virtue---its essence the constant endeavour to produce happiness---its merit the exertion of this principle in conformity to the will of God---its end the obtaining by this means the divine approbation---that upon this conformity to the will of God depends our exaltation in a future state---that the Eternal Word was made man to restore us to this conformity, and to redeem us from the bad effects of our departure from it by his example---by his death---His grace continually extended from infinite to every individual---conducting our minds by a contrary progress from self-love to the love of God---The several stages of this progress---Falshood of the pretence to piety without morality---Madness of the pretence to morality without piety---The love of God the natural bent of all our faculties---of sense---of passion---of fancy---of reason---and by concentrating them all our supreme and universal good.





# BOOK IV.

\*\*\*\*\* HUS rank'd beneath, but just beneath the tribes  
 T Angelic, ponder, man, thy glorious doom :  
 \*\*\*\*\* By heav'n ordain'd in blessing to be bless'd,  
 Still Nature's gentle sway to this great end  
 Inclines thy course ; though devious oft thy speed  
 O'erleaps in desp'rate chace thine obvious good,  
 On pleasure bent, fair to the selfish eye,  
 Though false, and branded by the laws of love ;  
 O'ertakes the phantom --- clasps --- and finds it pain.

M

Nor

Nor yet, though heedless of th' impending rod  
 Perversely playful strays her wanton charge,  
 Nor yet remits the Providence Divine  
 Her ever-watchful care, care fonder far  
 Than heaves the weeping mother's anxious heart,  
 That melts, enamour'd of her infant's smile.  
 From Reason's brow, sedately stern, she casts  
 Her keen soul-piercing glance athwart thee --- stops  
 Thy progress short --- each smoothly erring track  
 Strong bars with all the shapes of penance dire ---  
 Thy slack hand grasps --- urges up truth's steep path  
 Thy wav'ring feet, now gath'ring strength with toil:  
 And while the nearer skies in clearer day  
 Present each object of sincere delight,  
 That glads the cultur'd realms of social joy,  
 She marks where anguish wreathes her snaky train  
 In the luxuriant wilds of selfish care,  
 Obscurely winding to the depths of woe.  
 On one grand object, mortal, turn, she cries,  
 Thy fix'd attention, to conduct aright  
 Each glance, each gesture, each important step  
 Through life's whole drama, on its varying stage  
 Thy heav'n allotted part with native grace,  
 With truth, with strict propriety, to bear.  
 Obtain'd the plaudit of my silent smile  
 On mere externals bend an equal eye,  
 Unmark'd, but as their feeble pow'r contracts,

Or



Or opes to fair beneficence the field.  
 Thus build, sublime o'er all events, thy trust  
 On conscious rectitude, the rock that braves  
 All war's artill'ry, earth's convulsive shock,  
 Heav'n's direst bolt, of crumbling worlds the wreck.

As oft in Virtue's fairest form reveal'd,  
 Her genuine form engagingly serene,  
 With no forbidding frown, the wretched fence  
 Of pow'rless hate, or disappointed pride,  
 Soft she reclaims thy step suspended — hark !  
 Her clear mild accents to thy good supreme  
 Call thee thro' paths of pleasantness and peace.  
 Raise, child of love, thy languid low-bent eye ;  
 Lo ! through creation's wide-extended verge  
 In sun-bright characters divinely trac'd,  
 This sole, primæval, universal law :

“ Be happy all, who willing to be bless'd,  
 With mind retentive of the stamp divine,  
 Seek in diffusing bliss their sov'reign joy.”

Each private care with gen'rous rigour scan ;  
 If pure, it coincides with public good.  
 Feast then secure on each sincere delight  
 Parental bounty sheds from nature's lap,  
 In all the fulness ev'ry state can bear.  
 Yet ever mindful of thy nobler part,  
 Still rise with conscious dignity, intent

Thy godlike pow'rs to their full pitch to raise;  
 To bliss with glory born, behold in me;  
 Thy guardian prompt to vindicate thy claim,  
 Dauntless pursue my soaring steps --- arise ---  
 Surmount the deep-hung damps of misty doubt;  
 Arise --- be bless'd --- and claim thy native sky.

Unfeeling, self-immers'd, can yet thy soul  
 Turn a cold ear to this endearing call?  
 Lo! the last effort deign'd of grace divine.  
 Disclosing wide the blissful realms of day  
 Descends the brightness of the present God  
 Religion, daughter of Eternal Truth.  
 Her breast of fire, and lightning-streaming eye  
 Reveal with equal ray the dubious past,  
 And future's mystic gloom. Bend, lowly bend,  
 Obdurate knees. Ye souls, in death-like frost  
 Benumb'd, reviving catch the sacred flame.  
 Reason, before her radiant footsteps fall  
 In trembling adoration; till sublim'd  
 Thy feeble pow'rs in her bright essence lost  
 Pure on seraphic wings to heav'n aspire.

Fair guardian of this frail eventful state,  
 Virtue, whose charms triumphant in distress  
 Delight the Sire of heav'n's approving eye,  
 Approach with rev'rent step the throne of grace.

Behold



Behold with outstretch'd arms, and tender smile  
 Parental, sweetly temp'ring sacred awe  
 Religion greets thee as her best belov'd,  
 Exalting thus in loftier strains thy strong  
 High-rais'd conceptions, only not divine.

Thee, faithful echo to that Sov'reign Voice,  
 That hail'd the new-born world completely good,  
 And fix'd its fate in universal love,  
 Thee, Virtue, man shall hear with mindful heed  
 Enkindling zeal benign, shall hear and fix  
 His wav'ring will to seek in bliss diffus'd  
 His prime delight: Yet thou thus heav'nly fair,  
 Thus rich in genuine excellence, pure fount  
 Of heart-felt peace, and hope, and joy sincere,  
 To make these blessings sure, warn thou thy charge  
 To view thy charms with secondary love:  
 Raise thou his grateful eye to that supreme  
 All-bounteous Will, that made thee rich as fair.

That Will divine, O man, that shines impress'd  
 With purest ray in Virtue's awful form,  
 Alone claims all thine undivided heart.  
 That Will, with faith observ'd in this thy dread  
 Probationary NOW, through present bliss  
 To future glory guides thy trembling steps.  
 Ordain'd in concert with Almighty Love  
 To spread the boundless flow of social joy

Ordain'd

Ordain'd to correspond with God, why sinks  
 Beneath so bright a destiny thine eye?  
 Of thy perfection studious, heav'n entreats  
 Thy full, thy free concurrence with its grace  
 Indulgent; and shall heav'n entreat in vain?  
 Short-sighted man, alas! for whom but thee  
 Has God this tender of thy heart enjoin'd?  
 His attributes immense disdain increase,  
 No less than diminution, hence confess  
 The sole great end of all his perfect law  
 Stands full display'd thy lowly state to raise.  
 Dream not th' Eternal to support his plan  
 Of gen'ral good, can thy weak aid require?  
 No, earth's great Architect a firmer base  
 Than thy precarious impotent good-will,  
 For human weal has laid. Thy King Supreme  
 This easy test of thine allegiance claims,  
 Ere he admits thee to approach his throne,  
 With honours freely grac'd, and pow'r to gain  
 Those arduous heights he opens on thy soul.  
 Of this low transient state the prime concerns,  
 Mov'd by the shadow of his hand unseen,  
 Nor reason prompts, nor virtue deems her care.  
 Mere appetite, instinctive impulse, leads  
 Thy pleas'd attention to support thy frame,  
 And with fresh scyons from each mortal stock  
 Thy species to perpetuate. These possess  
 The brute entire. Thee too might these of right

Entire



Entire possels, were this poor vale thy lot  
 A wretched being closing. Raise thine eye  
 To prospects worthier of an heav'n-born mind.  
 Yon glowing pole, those orbs, whose number, bulk,  
 And beauty far thy thoughts transcend, in part  
 And but in part thy destin'd heritage  
 Esteem. Triumphal pomp, imperial pride,  
 All earth's magnificence compar'd, beneath  
 The name of being sinks. Myriads of worlds  
 Of no relation to this nether orb,  
 Save to th' expansive soul of man, sublime  
 Exalt thee to contemplate and adore  
 The Majesty divine. To this great end  
 Immortal born, hear, man, with deep-struck heart  
 Dissolv'd in holy dread; a pow'r is thine  
 Of moment weightier far than earth, than heav'n,  
 A pow'r on immortality to stamp  
 Eternal joy, or — oh! with instant pray'r  
 Implore thy God to fix himself thy fate,  
 And bar thy pow'r to chuse — eternal woe.

If genuine springs thy pray'r from stedfast faith,  
 Thy pray'r is heard. A more exalted life  
 From change secure succeeds thy mortal fall.

Lo! full of grace and truth, a man with men,  
 Abides that Pow'r Ador'd, which full reflects  
 Th' Eternal Father, whom nor human eye

Nor

Nor seraph's wing, nor fancy e'er approach'd.  
 Behold him shrouded in thine humble frame,  
 On heav'n's adoring host impress more awe,  
 Than when their tribes, in sudden transport rapt,  
 Beheld him in transcendent might arise,  
 To bid the blissful universe be born.  
 On thee, his own fair image then, he breath'd  
 Perfection. Now to thine imperfect form  
 Himself united, lo! he leads thee on  
 To thy predestin'd heav'n. His placid mien  
 Nor dazzles nor confounds thy wond'ring eye;  
 But mildly courts it with familiar light.  
 Clad in the simplest garb of poverty,  
 Thine humble guide, he marks with wary step  
 Thy hopeful fearful path. Before him sink  
 The levell'd mountains, rise the low-sunk vales,  
 The devious maze unwinds, and even lies  
 Each pointed crag: Securely smooth proceeds  
 Thy faithful progress. Now elate with hope  
 Exalt thy cloudless eye: Adoring view  
 In this thine humble guide that Face Divine,  
 That dawning sun of righteousness, that rul'd  
 With clear meridian ray thy perfect state.

That gracious Pow'r, to thee far more than King,  
 Thy blest'd Redeemer now, with fondest care  
 Deigns in the lowly guise of shepherd swain  
 To watch his tender flock, the lost reclaim,

To



To purer springs, and fields for ever green  
 The simple strays restore, the younglings faint  
 Shield with his arm, and in his bosom bear.  
 His life, one varied act of love extreme,  
 Ah! see he seals in death, from death to save  
 His dearly ransom'd charge---mysterious depth  
 Of Grace Divine! o'er which with ardent eyes  
 Hov'ring th' angelic host a part alone  
 Explore, by whom but God completely scan'd?

Now the dark realms appal'd of death and hell  
 Shrink at their doom. The Victor Prince of Light  
 O'erturns their old foundations; all their Pow'rs  
 In chains exhibits to a world redeem'd,  
 Reluctant thralls of all-controlling Love.  
 Shout earth, ye skies, in transport hail the day:  
 Lo the mild reign restor'd in grace and love  
 Eternal founded! Fly, for ever fly  
 Tears from all eyes; and fear from ev'ry heart  
 Uprais'd to bless the Reconciler God.

Resum'd his throne of majesty, on thee  
 Behold still bent on thee his kind regard.  
 Thro' all th' immensity of space diffus'd,  
 Thro' worlds on worlds in countless myriads ris'n,  
 And hourly rising in the boundless void,  
 Descends to this thy lower universe,  
 Thy system visible of spheres, his love.

N

Thro'

Thro' this thy stately mansion falls on thee;  
 From thee on the least mite, that gay with life  
 Dwells with the tribes, which yon vile weed maintains.

For blessings thus beyond all depth all height  
 Exub'rant pour'd, what grateful tribute claims  
 This King Supreme, this ever-present Friend?  
 Weak mortal, say, can thine aspiring soul  
 Retrace the radiant track, Immortal Love  
 Pursues, that streams from infinite to thee?  
 It can, impress'd it bears the hallow'd stamp,  
 That seals thee christian, Charity. Forth springs,  
 Th' incumbent gloom transpierc'd, the living spark  
 Of heav'nly flame. It's pure instinctive ray  
 On parents first, on each familiar face  
 In life's domestic circle, beams abroad.  
 Till reason viewing, from experienc'd wants,  
 And dangers, public wealth, and safety spring,  
 Wide o'er thy country spreads the rising blaze.

And now sublime with philosophic glance,  
 As rears the genial parent of the day  
 Clear o'er the mountain-top his chearful brow,  
 Above the clouds of prejudice, the mists  
 Of self, o'er all thy species it extends.

Tho' bright this eminence, the prospect fair,  
 Yet check not here the full career of love;

Nor



Nor deem complete it's ever-length'ning course.  
 The skirt thou view'st of his mysterious robe,  
 Whose smile to all things life and beauty gave,  
 \* Whose Face reveal'd of bliss completes thy sum.

Tow'r'd heav'n devoutly rising, turn on me,  
 On bless'd Religion turn thy just regard.  
 All human love to the great source, and aim,  
 And end of love I raise; while Faith and Hope,  
 My fair attendant cherubs, wing'd with speed  
 Still waft it's trembling flame. Aloft it soars,  
 With steady ray it culminates to Thee,  
 Father of lights, and with encreasing force  
 Accelerated, hastes in Thee to dwell.

Thus plainly mark'd, O man, thine arduous path  
 To that bless'd union, where eternal rest,  
 Eternal transport waits thy toil of love.

Nor slack thy speed, nor dare with frantic aim  
 On God to raise thy sacrilegious eye,

\* The seeing God face to face, in which the completion of our Happiness in a future state is in scripture represented to consist, seems to import no less than an immediate perception of the divine presence, some new sensation in the blessed and glorified spirits, by which they shall be conscious of the manner of their existence in God. The Deity will then probably become the object of that superior faculty. He will thus be himself their happiness: Whereas the happiness they now enjoy appears to be not immediately from God, but from objects adapted by him to the present weakness of their faculties; which are destin'd to rise by degrees to the full contemplation of that glorious Being, who will then indeed be their strength, and their portion for ever.

That foul with rancour on thy brother scowls.  
 That God thou see'st not, know'st not, ne'er shalt know  
 Till these thou see'st, thy brethren touch thy heart  
 With godlike Charity's expansive glow.

Nor less accurs'd the wretch, whose impious breath  
 Fond descant runs in Moral Beauty's praise,  
 By vanity, caprice, or craft inspir'd;  
 Yet boasts it's blindness to the charms supreme  
 Of Piety, yet spurns the sacred ties  
 Of duty, gratitude, and love to God,  
 Spurns the sole cause of universal good.  
 When thus the foul blasphemer from the skies  
 The throne of glory blots, how blank he throws  
 Averse his desp'rate eyes from each kind ray,  
 It deigns, in mercy to benighted man,  
 Thro' my pure ministry reveal. In me  
 The poor, oppress'd, expiring trust to find  
 Sure consolation, sweet contentment, joy  
 Ecstatic, above all that wealth, or pow'r  
 Can boast, or health luxuriant. What but hell,  
 Raging in these it's emissaries dark,  
 Can on so fair an office cast a stain?

In vain the regions of bright truth explores  
 Thy daring thought, while swift as light recedes  
 Clear and more clear, th' immense horizon round.  
 In vain thine eye each secondary fount

Of



Of joy up-tracing with delib'rate skill,  
 Each stream deriv'd, each branching channel scans.  
 In vain the heav'ns, with all their glories, fill  
 Thy mind unblest'd, unconscious of the God,  
 Of glory joy and truth eternal King,  
 Of beings Being, Bliss of bliss supreme.  
 'Midst thy fond dreams of self-enjoyment, round  
 Close hem thee utter want, and blank despair.  
 Of bliss, of being, fails thy vital spring.  
 Sunk unsustain'd in vacancy, that Self  
 Thy sole-belov'd is lost.—Yet, yet awake;  
 Rouse all thy slumb'ring faculties to love:  
 Thither bend all their energy, from whence  
 At first they sprung, to love, to love divine,

On all sides pressing on thy raptur'd Sense  
 Behold the Sov'reign Cause of boundless good  
 Smiles in the vernal blossom's lively blush,  
 With rapture swells the linnet's warbling throat,  
 Breaths in the dew-bright woodbine's fragrant gale,  
 With sprightly glee the melting cluster fills,  
 Blends with each sweet refin'd the bridal kiss.  
 A God, these transient gleams of faint delight,  
 A present God proclaim; no longer faint,  
 Nor transient now. In each enamel'd mead  
 An Eden blooms. Man face to face with God  
 In vision beatific converse holds.

Cast inward on thy soul a wond'ring eye:  
 Thy consecrated breast, with light divine,  
 As the bright Urim, beams in varied blaze.  
 Distinct from each resplendent Pow'r the God  
 Breaks forth oracular, and speaks thy doom,  
 Heav'n-born, heav'n-favour'd child, blest'd heir of heav'n.

Midst Passion's boist'rous storm on haleyon wing  
 Rise harmony and peace. Devotion's eye  
 Discerns thro' warring clouds th' o'erruling hand  
 Extended—hush'd the conflict, all is love.  
 As fear thro' error's mist of shifting hues  
 Saw adverse gods unnumber'd rule the sky,  
 Till faith descry'd by truth's unbroken light,  
 One Sovereign Being reign a sov'reign good \* ;  
 Fear still with sin-bred shapes of wrath and hate,  
 Hagard up-starting at th' alarm of ill,  
 The genuine unity of Love confounds.  
 Yet yet a moment—o'er her changeful form  
 The prince of peace his radiant finger waves.  
 Each frown for ever vanish'd from her brow  
 In smiles serene dissolving, lo! reveal'd  
 Her native charms; a God a God confirms  
 Her endless reign, for evil is no more.

Nor less Imagination's lucid glance  
 Reflects the present God. Uncheck'd she roams,

\* A Sov'reign Being but a sov'reign good—*Pope*.



As the Great Ruler's never-closing eye ;  
 O'er art, o'er nature fading in her fight,  
 Of novelty insatiate, onward strains ;  
 At some sublimer object grasps ; and now  
 On being's all-attractive Center rests.  
 With godlike energy instinctive borne  
 Rapid beyond th' extent of space and time,  
 She views forth-issuing from the formless void  
 Unnumber'd worlds, beneath the brooding wing  
 Of God's o'er shadowing Spirit—Sudden fled  
 To their dread term of dissolution, hears  
 From their conflagrants the final trump  
 Call forth new heav'ns, new earth of endless date,  
 Where thron'd in cloudless majesty, the God  
 Shall from his face dispense eternal day.

Intelligence, shalt thou, sublimest pow'r,  
 That stampst with the divine resemblance man,  
 Of all his faculties imperial queen,  
 Shalt thou, ordain'd their guide, from truth, from bliss,  
 From God estranged to vile delusion stray ?  
 Shalt thou, unmindful of thy regal state,  
 Behold thy heav'n-born subjects slaves to vice,  
 Thyself their vile tame drudge ? ah ! no, assert  
 Their dignity and thine, tow'rd heav'n exalt  
 Thy train resplendent, Fancy, Passion, Sense.  
 Prostrate present them spotless at his throne,  
 Before whose footstool nations, empires, worlds

Are

Are dust upon the scale. 'Tis thine to trace  
 The shadow of his footsteps, whom nor heav'n  
 Nor all creation's vast circumf'rence holds  
 With blessings infinite distinctly mark'd;  
 Whose will is kindness unrestrain'd, his laws  
 Impartial grace, his judgments mercy all;  
 'Tis mine to urge thee in these steps to tread.  
 Here fix unmoveably uprais'd thine eye.  
 Expand with ardent love, and still expand  
 Th' enraptur'd breast, capacious of the God.  
 Whose love each faculty alone can fill  
 Alone concent'ring all thy pow's in one,  
 Alone the sum compleat of perfect Bliss.

# F I N I S



